
THE
LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

—————
FEBRUARY, 1825.
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MISS HUTTON.

THIS respectable and accomplished lady, whose portrait adorns our present number, was born at Birmingham, about the year 1775. She is the daughter of William Hutton, esq., well known as the author of "The History of Birmingham," and various other important publications. Miss Hutton was indebted to her father for the first rudiments of education, and by the time she was six years of age, she could not only read fluently, but was a perfect mistress of her pen. At the age of seven, the youthful Charlotte was, at her own pressing solicitation, sent to a genteel day-school, where she soon became a proficient in the polite accomplishment of dancing, and excelled in every branch of ornamental needle-work. Her juvenile days glided thus smoothly along the stream of time, unclouded by care, and unembittered by sorrow. Such was the life of Miss Hutton, until she attained the age of nineteen. At that interesting period, she attracted the notice of all the talent in Birmingham, and numbered among her friends, the most accomplished females of the age.

But this calm and uninterrupted tranquillity was soon cruelly disturbed by those alarming riots, which, in 1792, threatened destruction to many of the manufacturing towns, in the north of England. Two Unitarian places of worship were destroyed by the populace, whose disorders were continued during several days; and property, to an immense amount, was sacrificed. Miss Hutton's father, unfortunately, became one of the objects of vengeance to the infuriated multitude. In his quality of Commissioner in the Court

of Requests, he had, by compelling many of the poorer classes to pay their debts, become obnoxious to the populace. They accordingly attacked his house, at Bennett's Hill, plundered and destroyed every article of property, and then set fire to the mansion, leaving the unhappy family wanderers, a prey to the most heart-rending distress.

The house was speedily rebuilt, but Mrs. Hutton, the mother of our heroine, had received a shock, from which she never recovered. During a state of long-protracted suffering and total helplessness, Miss Hutton was the unwearied attendant upon her revered parent; watching over her pillow with the most anxious solicitude, and alleviating, by every means in her power, the sufferings which she endured.

In the year 1796, her excellent parent paid the debt of nature; and soon afterwards, the amiable subject of our memoir, with a view of dispelling her melancholy, visited the Metropolis. Here she was introduced to some of the first circles, and was invited to balls and parties; but these had, no longer, any charm to please. Accordingly, she returned to her native spot, in a declining state of health, from whence it was found necessary to remove her to the invigorating air of the mountainous country of North Wales. There her health began to improve daily, and in the course of a few months, she was enabled to return to her father's home. Her time was now principally devoted to study, and to cultivating a taste for music, of which she was passionately fond.

In 1807, Miss Hutton first began writing for the press:—Her maiden effort appeared in a contemporary monthly publication, under the title of "Oakwood House," but was afterwards printed in a separate form, with important additions, and entitled, "Oakwood Hall." Soon afterwards, she produced, in succession, "The Miser Married," and "The Welsh Mountaineer," in all of which she was eminently successful. In 1815, her esteemed and venerable father closed his earthly career, and Miss Hutton, shortly after his decease, fulfilled her last duty to his memory, by giving the world a life of her excellent parent, from materials written by himself, a few years previous to his dissolution.

Her next effort was of a different kind, and was entitled, "The Tour of Africa," being a selection from the most approved

travels in that distant part of the globe. This is one of the most interesting compilations which have appeared for a length of time. By divesting her work of those dry details, and uninteresting disquisitions, which swell out the pages of modern travellers, she has rendered a great service to the public; and while it affords amusement, it conveys to us, at the same time, every information on the subject of Africa which the majority of readers would wish to obtain.

Miss Hutton continues to inhabit her paternal mansion at Bennett's Hill, near Birmingham. Habit, and a delicate state of health, have rendered her home dear to her. She is visited by a numerous circle of friends and acquaintances, and maintains a constant intercourse, by letter, with many individuals alike distinguished for their literary attainments and amiable character in all the various duties of social life.

RELIGIOUS COURTSHIP.

A YOUNG gentleman and lady happened to be in the same pew in a free church in America; during the course of the sermon, the youth read something in the eyes of the fair one, which made a deeper impression on his mind than the pious lecture of the preacher. As love, although blind, is never at a loss for expedients, he presented the maiden, whose charms had attracted his notice, with the following passage, being the 5th verse of the 2nd Epistle of St. John.—“Now I beseech thee, lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another.” After reading this passage, the lady promptly referred her suitor, in reply, to another passage in the Old Testament, viz.: 16th verse the 1st of Ruth—“Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; and thy people shall be my people, &c.” Thus was a treaty of alliance proposed, which, in a very short time after, was fully sanctioned and ratified by the minister.

To the EDITOR of the LADIES' MONTHLY MUSEUM.

SIR,

IN looking over some papers lately, which had long lain in an old portfolio, which was the property of a deceased relative, I found the subjoined copy of verses. Whether the lines have ever appeared in print, I am unable to determine. They certainly possess sufficient merit to deserve preservation, independent of the singular circumstances under which they were produced. Garrick retired from the Stage in 1776; previous to which time the verses must of course have been written. As to the name of the Author, I can form no probable conjecture; but it is not unlikely that he was a pupil of Mr. Braidwood. Perhaps the insertion of this communication in your miscellany, may be the means of eliciting some farther information.

Yours, &c.

J.

"A young gentleman, deaf and dumb from his birth, having gone to Drury-lane theatre, to see Mr. Garrick perform the part of Hamlet, was questioned on his return as to his opinion of the performance; upon which he wrote the following lines:

"WHEN Britain's Roscius on the stage appears,
Who charms all eyes, and (I am told,) all ears;
With ease the various passions I can trace,
Clearly reflected from his wondrous face:
Whilst true conception, with just action join'd,
Strongly impress each image on my mind,
What need of sound, when plainly I descry
Th' expressive features, and the speaking eye?
That eye, whose bright and penetrating ray,
Does Shakespeare's meaning to my soul convey!
Best commentator on great Shakespeare's text,
When Garrick acts, no passage seems perplext."

"C. S."

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW, &c.

THE superstitions of England, which existed during the middle ages, and indeed so late as the close of the seventeenth century, though not so elegant as those of oriental nations, or even of our northern neighbours, were exceedingly fanciful and picturesque. The phenomena of the climate being imperfectly understood, the shadows, the mists, and the meteors, were attributed to supernatural causes; the contentions of the elements were supposed to proceed from the incantations of evil beings; and as the island was happily free from those convulsions and tempests which ravaged other countries, the agents of mischief in England, were of an inferior order, possessed of comparatively trifling powers. Not such as could

“Put a girdle round about the world in forty minutes,”

but who could merely

“Untie winds, and make them fight
Against the churches.”

The belief in the existence of enchanters ended with those of giants and of dragons. Friar Bacon alone succeeded to Merlin, as a magician of any eminence; other dealers in the black art, though sufficiently numerous, were not to be compared with “he, of the brazen head;” and even his glories fell far short of the fame of the sorcerer in Arthur’s days. The reign of the trooping fairies, who loved to dance the maze upon the green sward by moonlight, was of much longer continuation. There were also household sprites of larger dimensions, formed of coarser materials, and addicted to more vulgar pursuits, creatures not to be fed by the dew of the cowslip, and the honey-bag of the bee, but industrious goblins, who would do half the work of the farm for hire. Such was the “lubber fiend,” described by Milton, toiling to earn “the cream-bowl, duly set:” some of these elves were exceedingly mischievous, delighting, we are told,

“To make fearful noise in butteries and dairies.”

Of this class, Robin Goodfellow, or, as he is frequently called, Friar Rush, was the most popular; a goblin of great repute,

who usually displayed considerable wit and whim, in his most capricious moods. The winter fires in the days of our ancestors were wont to be cheered by "Pleasant tales of Friar Rush;" he seems to have been a demon of the most sociable nature imaginable; and we have derived considerable amusement in collecting such accounts of him as are now, only, to be found amid the black-letter treasures of a few learned men; the Stafford library is rich in its histories of this jovial sprite, and the following extract from a rare book in that valuable collection, strikes us as being a most beautiful specimen of the poetry of the day. The work is intitled "Robin Goodfellow, his mad pranks and merry jests. Full of honest mirth, and is a fit medicine for melancholy."

"Robin Goodfellow being walking one night, heard the excellent musicke of Tom Thumb's brave bagpipes; he remembering the sound, according to the command of King Oberon, went toward them; they, for joy that he was come, did circle him in a ring, and did dance round aboute him. Robin Goodfellow seeing their loue to him, danced in the midst of them, and sang them this tune of—To him, Bun.

"Round about, little ones, quicke and nimble,
In and out, wheele aboute, run, hop, and amble.
Ioyne your hands louingly; well done, musitian,
Mirth keepeth man in health like a physician.
Elves, vrchins, goblins all, and little fairyes,
That doe filch blacke & pinch mayds of the dairyes;
Make a ring on this grass with your quicke measures,
Tom shall play, and he sing for all your pleasures.

Pinch and Patch, Gull and Grim,
Goe you together;
For you change your shapes,
Like to the weather.
Sib and Tib, Licke and Lull,
You all have trickes too;
Little Tom Thumb that pipes,
Shall goe betwixt you.
Tom tickle up the pipe,
Till they be weary,
I will laugh ho, ho, hoh,
And make me merry.

Make a ring on this grass, &c.

The moon shines faire & bright,
And the owle hollows ;
Mortals now take their rests,
Upon their pillows.
The bats abroad likewise ;
And the night raven,
Which doth use for to call,
Man to death's haven.
Now the mice peep abroad,
And the cats take them ;
Now doe young wenches sleep,
Till their dreams wake them. Make a ring, &c.

Of Friar Rush, there is still a story extant, written in very choice English, and we believe the only copy to be found is in the Marquis of Stafford's library.* We meet with frequent allusions to this merry sprite in our pastoral poets, when they describe English scenery and manners. To be "lanthorn led by Friar Rush," was the common fate of bewildered rustics, ignorantly following an ignis fatuus until it precipitated them into a swamp. To ride on a "Will o'the wisp" through fog and murky air, was not, however, his sole amusement; and the manner in which he usually comported himself when he assumed a human shape, may be learned by the curious heading to each chapter in the book which contains his memoirs, and the extract which the Marquis of Stafford has kindly permitted to be made for the amusement of those who take an interest in the manners, customs, and literature, of a ruder age.—

"The Historie of Frier Rush, how he came to a house of religion to seeke a service, and being entertained by the Priour, was first made cooke. Being full of pleasant mirth and delight for young people. Imprinted at London. by Edo All-dee, and are to be solde by Frances Grove, dwelling on Snow-hill. 1626.

* The learned antiquary, Mr. Ritson, for a long time doubted the existence of this work. The Marquis of Stafford's liberality in allowing access to his library to those who are smitten with the Bibliomania, must convince the most resolute unbeliever. It is in black letter ornamented with wood cuts.

" Chapter 1. A pleasant history how a Devill named Rush, came to a religious house to seeke a service.

" 2. How a Devill named Rush came unto a gentlewoman's house, and how he brought her privily to his master's chamber.

" 3. How Frier Rush threw the maister cooke into a kettel of water seething upon the fire, wherein he died.

" 4.—How Frier Rush made truncheons for the Friers to fight withal.

" 5.—How Frier Rush grymed the waggon with tarre, and what cheere he made in the Countrey.

" 6.—How the Priour made Frier Rush sexton among the Friers, and how he charged him to give him knowledge how many Friers were absent from mattens at midnight, and what they were.

" 7.—How Rush went forthe a sporting, and was late forthe, and how in his way coming home he found a cowe, and which cowe he divided into two parts; the one halfe he tooke on his necke, and carried it with him, and the other halfe he left still, and how soon had made it ready for the Frier's supper.

" 8.—How a Farmer of the Prioury sought his cowe, and how he was desolated by the way homeward, and was faine to lye in a hollowe tree, and of the vision that he had.

" 9.—How the Farmer which laye in the Tree, came unto the Priour on the morrow after, and tolde him the wonders he had heard, and the wordes of Frier Rush, and that he was a very Devill.

" 10.—The lamentation that Rush made when he was departed out of the House of Religion.

" 11.—How Rush came to a Husbandman labouring in the field, and desired to be entertained in his service.

" 12.—How Rush came home to make cleane the stable, and how he found the Priest under the manger covered with straw.

" 13.—How Rush came home and found the Priest in the cheese-basket, and how he trayled him aboute the towne.

" 14.—How Rush became servant to a gentleman, and how the Devill was conjured out of the body of the gentleman's daughter.

" Contents of the 7th Chapter.—It befell upon a time that Rush when all his business was done in the the kitchen, he

woulde goe further in the country to sport him, and to passe the time with good company. As he walked on his way, his chaunce was to come into a village, which was two or three miles from the place where he did dwell; and when he was entered into the village, hee looked aboute him in every corner to finde out some company to make merry withall, and at the last espied an ale-house, and in he entered, and there he founde good fellowes playing at cardes and drinking, and made cheere; then Rush made obeysance to them, and sate doune among them, and dranke with the players, and afterward he fell to play, and was as merrie as any man in the company, and so long he played and passed the time, that cleane he had forgotten what he had to doe at home, and the day went fast away, and the night approached. Anon Rush looked up, and perceived that it was almost night, remembered himself that there was nothing readie at home for the Priour's supper, and convent, and it was almost supper time; wherefore he thought it was time to depart thence; so he payed for his drinke and tooke his leave, and homeward he went, and on his way he found a fat cowe grasing in a field, and sudaynely he divided her in two parts, and the one halfe he tooke on his necke, and carried it home, and quickly hee made it ready; some he put in the pot, and some upon the spit, and he made marvailous good pottege, and rosted the meat very well, and he made such good speed that every thing was ready by the hour accustomed to goe to supper, whereof the Priour and all the Friers had great mervaille that he had every thing readie so soone, and was so well done, for they knew it was late ere he came home, for some of the Friers had beene in the kitchen a little before, and saw neither cooke nor fire, nor any thing prepared toward supper, wherefore they gave to Rush and said he was very quick in his office."

Though the power of Friar Rush, as he is called, from his residence in the Convent, appears to have been very limited, his mischievous propensities are represented as considerable. Being hospitably entertained by the Prior, he first gains his favour by aiding him in a private interview with a gentlewoman, to avoid scandal, a sly insinuation very common against the holy fathers; and finding that there is no situation open in the convent, speedily makes a vacancy by

drowning the master cook in his own kettle. His next exploit consists in sowing dissension amongst the community, and, doubtless for his own gratification, after setting the friars to fisty cuffs, manufactures truncheons for them to fight withal. He is made sexton by the Prior, who being in the habit of indulging himself in forbidden pleasure, suspects that others are equally lax in their discipline, and places his new servant as a spy upon them; but the reign of Rush is of short duration, his contrivance to procure meat for supper on that unfortunate night when the fascinations of liquor and play kept him from his duty, occasions the loss of his situation. His lamentations on leaving his comfortable place in the house of religion are very pathetic: the jovial lives of the friars in their snug retreat seem particularly adapted to the habits of the fiend, who appears to have been always somewhat dainty respecting his lodging, delighting to stretch his length upon a well swept hearth, with a substantial roof over his head, and plenty of meat and drink. His acquaintance with the friar's tricks, his consequent discovery of their hiding places, and the revenge which he takes to gratify his spite against them for turning him out of the monastery, are highly characteristic; and, in the concluding chapter, we learn by the devil being conjured out of his master's daughter, that Rush would not allow any other fiend to dwell in the same house with himself, a circumstance which makes us regret that he is not to be hired in these days, when the utmost refinement of education is insufficient to exorcise demons who so often haunt and disturb the peace of domestic life. It must be confessed that the fancies regarding Robin Goodfellow, as displayed in the history of Friar Rush, are exceedingly homely; it belonged alone to the immortal genius of Shakespeare to pourtray the favourite sprite of his native land in appropriate colours. Puck is indeed a dainty elf. "A merry wanderer of the night," to whom the fairy says—

Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
Call'd Robin Goodfellow: are you not he,
That fright the maidens of the villagery?
Skim milk; and sometimes labour in the quern,
And bootless make the breathless housewife's churn;

And sometimes make the drink to bear no barm ;
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm ?
Thou that hobgoblin call you, and that sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck,
Are you not he?"

The belief in witchcraft was a more melancholy superstition, attended with fatal consequences to the forlorn and the aged, who were marked out as objects of suspicion by the credulous and vulgar part of the community, and too often fell a sacrifice, when even the judges, men of erudition and of humanity, were so strongly impressed with the notion that it was possible to practise the forbidden art, that they condemned hundreds of reputed witches to death in their annual circuits; and it will ever remain a stigma on the character of Sir Matthew Hale, that he suffered his better judgment to be overruled by the popular belief, when by his interposition he might have checked those monstrous and absurd ideas, which were only worthy of the dark ages from whence they sprang. It was not until the general diffusion of learning in the reign of Anne, that the country gentlemen were sufficiently enlightened to discourage the favourite opinion, and to espouse the cause of those wretched creatures accused of being the occasion of every mischance which happened to the cattle, and the authors of all the evils which disappointed the hopes of the husbandman. In the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum, is a curious letter addressed to John Marly, esq. dated 1732, and written by one Sam. Manny, of the town of Halstead, in Essex, concerning witchcraft, a memorial of the stupid pertinacity with which even the better classes clung to this frightful superstition, so pregnant with evil to the poor and the unprotected: it runs thus—

"There was one master John Collett, a smith by trade, of Haveningham, in the county of Suffolk; formerly servant in Sir John Duke's family, in Benhall, in Suffolk; who, as 'twas customary with him, assisting the maids to churne, and not being able, as the phrase is, to make the butter come, threw a hot iron into the churne, under the notion of witchcraft in the case, upon which a poore labourer then employed in carrying of dung in the yard, cryed out in a terrible manner, 'They have killed me! they have killed me' still keeping

his hand upon his back where the pain was, and died upon the spott. Mr. Collett, with the rest of the servants then present, tooke off the poore man's clothes, and found to their great surprise, the mark of the iron that was heated and thrown into the churne deeply impressed upon his back. This account I had from Mr. Collett's own mouth, who being a man of unblemished character, I verily believe the matter a fact.

SAM. MANNY."

It was with such water-colours as these that the cause was impainted, and guilt fastened upon the needy; every complaint of hardship, wrung from the lips of the distressed by their privations, and every bitter reflection against the want of charity in their rich neighbours, was construed into a threat of revenge; the poor drones of every hamlet were considered as beings

"That for a word or look,
Denial of a coal of fire, kill men,
Children, and cattle."

Every ailment ill understood by the ignorant professors of medicine of the time, was attributed to the agency of the powers of evil, compelled to do the bidding of those, who

"Gathered herbs in church-yards 'neath the beams
Of Luna, when she waned."

And private malice was often gratified by the ruin of the individual accused. In the year 1751, the absurd statutes against witchcraft were abolished; a measure, which in a great degree, was owing to the refusal of Lord Chief Justice Holt, and of Lord Chief Justice Parker, to condemn even those unfortunates, who, disordered by an enphrenzied imagination, confessed the crime imputed to them, by people labouring under the delusion which still prevailed; and though traces of a similar belief are to be found at this day, happily, the just administration of the laws prevents those outrages and cruelties which were so frequently practised, under the pretence of trying the supposed witch by fantastic ordeals.

E. R.

TO LADIES AT HOME;

BY A FRIEND TO WOMAN.

(Continued from page 12.)

BEFORE I actually perform my promise, my dear Ladies at Home, of entertaining you there, with some account of my visitation last month from my own fire-side, I deem it but justice to myself to present to your bright eyes my fair excuse for so wandering.—In short, the charming circle of your *boudoir*, is not the only one which holds a spell-word over the motives of your grey-headed friend. Far in the west of England resides an old mistress of my heart; “a Saccharissa” to her yet faithful bard—lover no more! though she is a widow and yet lovely; but time has mellowed all that was passion within me, to the mild, innoxious sentiment of friendship for her and her’s. She has no children, but two engaging nieces constantly reside with her, and a certain set of chosen friends occasionally augment the social party, by a residence also in her house. I had never seen her nieces, nor these friends either, until I visited her mansion, in my late truancy from London and your behests; and I obeyed her command, in consequence of the sportive letter I here subjoin for—your revenge!—Aye, ladies, make but an excursion to the beautiful spa which pours its waters not a hundred yards from her noble gates; invade them by your charms, and, spite of the graces, the muses within, I will answer for the heart of the concluding hero of her tale, becoming the spoil of one of ye! Then, treat it as becomes your gentleness and honour!

“THE LADY AMABEL C—— TO HER TRUSTY FRIEND OF A QUARTER OF A CENTURY.

“Sir —***,

“This comes greeting! Aye, and conjuring too! that with right knightly expedition, you set forth on steed or palfrey, to take your long prepared place of peer, (and umpire to boot!) amongst a certain assemblage of fair dames, and not less redoubted gentlemen; who, from a state of mutual confidence, revelry, and courteous deeds, uniting all in bonds of gentlest amity, have, all at once, by some malign influence of the stars, or other mysterious cause, fallen into the most cruel rivalry

and discord. A dream of the Lady Amabel's, "a dream from Jove!" has whispered her, that only the personal appearance and true judgement pronounced on the delinquents, of some *preux chevalier* new to the circle, can bring it peace again. Hence, in obedience to the friendly vision, the lady of this disorganized little band solicits you!—Attend then, sir knight of the silver locks, but golden heart! and, as a preliminary, read the names and characters of her rebel subjects! First, I premise, that when I established this chosen set, I denominated it *The Nine*, in compliment to the number of the Muses; the only remains of the ancient idolatry to which we good Christians pay any kind of adoration; and as our social exclusion of the world at large, possessed nothing of nun-like mortification in its origin, both sexes were admitted into my cloister, and all celebrated for some rare qualities; but as in all polished rules of procession, the female sex takes the precedence, you will excuse me, sir knight, if I assume the prerogative; and, therefore, first present you with the name and character of a lady,—it is Seraphina, my neice, who writes the sweetest impromptu poems, epic odes, and ballads. Then comes her sister Cecilia, who sings them with a force and expression, hardly to be excelled by Catalani, or even the inimitable Miss Stephens. These two damsels are lovely in their persons, with minds yet more attractive; but Seraphina is a little waspish, when talked to by proserers; and Cecilia has lately complained of a head-ache, whenever a certain visitor amongst us, (of whom you shall hear anon,) seems to prefer general conversation before music. Following these twain of my own kindred, I next bring into your knightly presence, Thusnelda, the charming widow of a German ambassador. He had seen many courts besides ours; and during her sojourn with her husband in the classical seats of Italy, she acquired that accomplishment in painting, which rendered her portraits the treasures of our little society, until the other day a sketch was found in a gentleman's hat, which every one guessed must have come from her pencil; and as it represented him at the feet of a veiled figure, not a woman of the party will allow her any life until she reveals "who it is amongst them, she supposes ashamed to shew her face?" The fourth nymph of our group you must know by fame; for who has not heard of Lady Mildred, whose researches in chemistry might put Apothecary's-hall, or Dr. Faustus himself,

to the blush?—Indeed she is now the most popular of our ladies, one with the other; for, ever since the feuds amongst us, more than one of the sisters of the *Nine*, are constantly seen stealing to her apartment, but in lonely visitation, to persuade a little secret attempt at a filtre, or love-powder.—She is very good-natured, and has already come to some loss in the trial. First, she melted a purse-full of new sovereigns, which, mistaking for a handful of old Napoleons, she threw hastily into a hot crucible, intending to compound an amulet of peace, to pass from hand to hand in the party; and having left the precious fluid, to cool in her washing-bason, the house-maid mistook the contents, and casting it into the slop-pail, the whole made its way to the sink. Her next disaster, was pounding her pearl necklace in a mortar, and mixing it with charcoal, in the firm faith that a fervent boil up with vinegar and spirits of wine, would turn the whole out in a diamond clasp, worth all the love-links in Christendom;—but alas! the spirits of wine took fire, blazed up in the fair alchemist's face, burnt off her eye-brows, set her cap in a flame; and, in the confusion of extinction, the magic mixture was over-set and completely lost in the ashes below the grate! Thus far, the ladies of our Easter and Christmas coterie; for it is at those seasons, peculiarly dedicated to friendship, and rational festivity, that we chiefly meet. I shall now bring the "brothers of our order," before the bar of your taste, and judgement. Eugenius Tillotson, is a clergyman, the yet bachelor rector of the extensive parish in which my manor lies. He is of a comely person, universally respected, for the truth of his sermons, (which we call the best eloquence,) and the correspondent candour of his disposition. Besides, no man better fulfils all the charitable duties of a Christian minister; even now and then "mortifying the proud spirit" of me, the lady of the domain, by not seldom abandoning the gayest of my evening entertainments, to pass his hours in some poor hut, counselling any of his young sheep likely to go astray; or speaking peace to the soul of the aged, just departing for another world. His right hand man at my board, is one of equal benevolence, and not so great a truant from its duties. You must remember having had your pulse felt some half dozen years ago by Harmodious; the celebrated young physician, who having a large fortune bequeathed to him, retired into the

country in the full blaze of his reputation, to leave the field open for, what he modestly deemed, equal, if not superior, talent, and which needed to earn the gold he then ceased to require.—This favourite disciple of the healing god, dispenses his skill wherever wanted, at the easy fee of accepting his prescription; and when the situation of the patient seems to solicit the remedy, as well as the advice, he has a laboratory at hand to produce the medicine gratis. The only matter that ever threatens to break the peace between this most amiable personage, and any one of our party, is, when Lady Mildred utters her rather vehement longings “to have a finger in the pie,” in the concoction of his pills and potions; and then herself never refused ~~lover~~ more steadily after her second widowhood, than he gently, but firmly, non-suits her suit. He has, however, a rival in her favour; and one most likely to prove a thriving wooer, should his ambition take a turn from the woolsack, to the fair keeper of the golden fleece; I mean the young Irish barrister, Tullius O'Brien, “who, (she observes,) pleads like a prophet, and sings like an angel!” and, moreover, my niece Seraphina, in seeking him to practise secrets for the evening, has often surprised them together over her ladyship's pocket laboratory; (a sort of machine which works in the most wonderful manner, by the ignition of a sort of all-powerful gas, which no other existing being than Lady Mildred has any idea of!) while she, with the most indefatigable labour, would be restoring certain blotted passages in his parchment briefs, to their original whiteness; and once Seraphina overheard him whisper—“Ah, my lady, have you no generous fluid to fill that vacant page with a bleeding heart?” My saucy girl tapped him on the shoulder, and, laughing, exclaimed, “yes: the bright reflection of her blushes will just pay the desired compliment to the empty space!”—She ran off with the word, while the half angry fair alchemist called after her, but with a laugh loud as her own, “You little gipsy, had I you here, I would make the contents of my retort shew a right Hibernian complexion on your cheeks, when a maiden-jealousy blunders out a confession that sets one side of the face in rebellion against the other—white and red as the passion boils!”—What sense Seraphina made out of this repartee, I cannot guess, for she never told me; only I observed that she did not sing with Tullius that evening, and it was almost the breaking-up of the

night before I saw her join him in a waltz. Indeed I may say, that nothing harsher than these zephyrs in the garden of friendship, which rather excite our senses to its fragrance than to any sharpness in the breeze, was felt playing amongst us, while we retained the sacred number of the mysterious nine; but in an evil hour Thusnelda prevailed on my niece Cecilia, to persuade me to so far infringe on the law of my "magic circle," as to permit her introduction of two new personages within its pale. Never had druidess more horror of admitting strange footsteps within the consecrated inclosure of Stonehenge; nor the brilliant dictatoresses of Almack's, greater alarm at the proposed *entree* of a city-belle of fortune, or some beauteous *parvenue*.—However, the assent was given, and the deed done. The first of these interlopers has given himself the name of Amandus. He is young, handsome, animated, and a poet. But before we were aware he could rhyme even a couplet, he had hung all our men together on his satiric lyre; and a most laughable execution, I am ashamed to confess, he made of our charming body politic. However, in the midst of the merriment, which, in spite of their better reason, shook the sides of the female half, the traitor gave the men their revenge, by addressing to us such a string of anacreontics on love and beauty, that, every lady might take the passion to herself; and none being able to appropriate such devoted strains to herself alone,—each found herself, as it were, set up as a but for the arrows of Cupid, while her heart was the least of his aim. "Away, butterfly!" cried we, all at once.—"Or," added Seraphina, with a significant look, "you escape not without a burnt wing!" "a limed one, sweet Seraph?" "A burnt one, Mr. Mischief, without leaving a phoenix-feather behind!" Amandus coloured, "Then here goes the expiation!"—and flinging a roll of his sonnets out of the window; the winter wind, then in full vortex, scattered them at once, almost to the very clouds. Seraphina smiled, the young bard smiled, and their eyes meeting, the mutual smile was repeated.

The second invader of our ancient security, was one whose name I may not even reveal to you, till you come; and, seeing him, hearing him; that might almost be enough to proclaim the real he, who has thus visited us to our great gain! or most infinite loss! He was just arrived from the East;

but prior to his campaigns there, (for he is a soldier, as well as a man of letters,) he drew his good sword first on the dykes of Holland, then on the shores of the Nile, then on the mountains of Spain. My apprehensive Scottish spirit, with a second-sight boding pang of some threatened evil, shrunk at the enumeration of these three separate fields of Mars, by his cousin the ex-ambadress. However, that far-famed "soldier from afar" made his appearance; like Cæsar he came; and, like that which followed Cæsar, were the consequences. He has cozened the men of our party out of all their privileges; he has beguiled every woman of us, out of our proud prerogative. Our tyrant is just of that age in manhood which unites all the graces of youth with the imposing powers of a universal experience. With all the loftiness of mien, which can ennoble one of the finest figures which ever came of human mould, he possesses a countenance that, in one moment, reposes in all the serenity of the most regular beauty of features, and, in the next, displays every variety of expression that the feelings of the hour may demand.—Then when he speaks—

"Hear him but reason on divinity,
And, all admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire he had been made a prelate:
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say—it hath been in all his study:
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music:
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,
The air, a cloister'd libertine, is still;
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences."

What, my dear old friend, is to be done with such a creature? a creature who can, at will, be the philosopher, the man of feeling, the hero; or that impulsive spirit of hilarity and joy, which equalizes all in one sentiment of serenity and happiness! Tell me, my own trusty knight, of my own day of power! are we to sit down quietly under the despotic sway which this extraordinary man, almost unconsciously and wholly undesignedly, holds over us? Never, until I saw him, could I comprehend the advantages that a fine mind may derive

from early culture, years of extensive travel, and a range of public and military duties. In short, to my *glamoored* senses, every thing in heaven and earth, seems to conspire to make the cultivated and benevolent soldier, the most accomplished and amiable of characters; but what its effect is to be to the full, on one of the party, dear to you and to me, will depend on the judgement of your lips, pronounced, on sight of the hero, to your ever faithful lady and friend,

ASPASIA."

My reply to this appeal, and the issue, is yet to come.

C—.

(To be continued.)

FILIAL RESPECT.

AMONG the virtues which distinguish the Irish peasantry, there is none which shines with more brilliancy than their filial piety. No nation, not even the Chinese, can pay more respectful attention, and implicit obedience, to their parents. As there are no parish workhouses in Ireland, except in some of the principal towns, the country would abound with destitute old people, were it not for the gratitude of their progeny. The Irish peasant, especially the mountaineer, protects his parents in the decline of their years. The mothers assist in nursing, carding, or spinning; the fathers hobble about the farms, directing the young men at their work. At night, the best and easiest seat is appropriated to the ancient father and mother; and the most nutritious food in the house is served up to them. "It is really," says a traveller, who had seen much of the habits of this people, "an edifying and lovely sight, to behold the respectful attention paid by those peasants to their aged parents; while the grandchildren are taught to address them in the most endearing language, nay, to crave their blessing, and supplicate the Deity for them in prayer."

Nor does the filial love of the Irish mountaineer expire with his parents. He closes their eyes, attends their remains to the tomb with grateful sorrow, and occasionally visits the grave of those who gave him being, and bedews it with his tears. From such a disposition, what excellent virtues might be produced with proper cultivation.

INTERESTING ANECDOTE

OF A

SOLDIER ON GUARD, WHO WAS RELIEVED DURING A COLD NIGHT,
BY HIS INTENDED BRIDE.*(Translated from the Italian.)*

It was during a late severe season, a winter remarkable for its long and inclement frost, experienced with equal rigour throughout Italy, France, and Germany, where the largest rivers were rapidly congealed, and people were seen to fall dead with cold, that in the French town of Metz, a poor sentinel was sent upon guard on one of the bitterest nights, when a fierce north wind added to the usual cold. His watch was in the most exposed situation of the place, and he had scarcely recovered from severe indisposition: but he was a soldier, and declared his readiness to take his round. It chanced that he had pledged his affections to a young woman of the same city, who no sooner heard of his being on duty, than she began to lament bitterly, declaring it to be impossible for him to survive the insufferable severity of such a night, after the illness under which he still lingered. Tormented with anxiety, she was unable to close her eyes, or even to retire to rest; and as the night advanced, the cold becoming more intense, her fancy depicted him struggling against the fearful elements, and his own weakness; and at length, no longer able to support himself, overpowered with slumber, and sinking to eternal rest upon the ground. Maddened at the idea, and heedless of consequences, she hastily clothed herself as warmly as she could, ran out of the house, situated not far from the place of watch, and with the utmost courage arrived alone at the spot. And there she indeed found her poor soldier nearly as exhausted as she had imagined, being with difficulty able to keep his feet, owing to the intenseness of the frost. She earnestly conjured him to hasten, though only for a little while, to revive himself at her house; when having taken some refreshment, he might return; but aware of the consequences of such a step, this he kindly, though resolutely, refused to do. "But only for a few minutes," she continued, "while you melt the horrid frost, which has almost congealed you alive." "Not an instant,"

returned the soldier; "it were certain death even to stir from the spot." "Surely not!" cried the affectionate girl, "it will never be known; and if you stay, your death will be still more certain; you have at least a chance, and it is your duty, if possible, to preserve your life. Besides, should your absence happen to be discovered, heaven will take pity upon us, and provide in some way for your preservation." "Yes," said the soldier, "but that is not the question; for suppose I could do it with impunity, is it noble or honourable thus vilely to abandon my post, without any one upon guard?" "But there will be some one: if you consent to go, I will remain here until you return. I am not in the least afraid; so be quick, and give me your arms." This request she enforced with so much eloquence and tenderness, and so many tears, that the poor soldier, against his better judgment, was fain to yield, more especially as he felt himself becoming fainter and fainter, and unable much longer to resist the cold. Intending to return within a few minutes, he left the kind-hearted girl in his place, wrapping her in his cloak, and giving her his arms and cap, together with the watch-word; and such was her delight at the idea of having saved the life of her beloved, that she was for a time insensible to the intense severity of the weather. But just as she was flattering herself with the hope of his return, an officer made his appearance, who, as she forgot in her confusion to give the sign, suspected that the soldier had either fallen asleep or fled. What was his surprise, on rushing to the spot, to find a young girl overpowered with alarm, and unable to give any account of herself, from her extreme agitation and tears.

Being instantly conducted to the guard-house, and restored to some degree of confidence, the poor girl confessed the whole truth; soliciting, with the anguish of doubt and distraction, a pardon for her betrothed husband. He was instantly summoned from her house, but was found in such a state of weakness from the sufferings he had undergone, as to leave little prospect of his surviving them. It was with much difficulty, with the assistance of medical advice, that he was restored sufficiently to give an intelligible account of himself, after which he was placed in close custody, to await the period of his trial.

"Far happier had it been for me," he exclaimed, on being restored to consciousness, "far happier to have died at my post, than to be thus reserved for a cruel and ignominious death." And the day of his trial coming on, such was the politic severity of martial law, as he had well foreseen, that he was condemned to be executed within a few days after his sentence. Great as was his affliction on hearing these tidings, it was little in comparison with the remorse and terror that distracted the breast of his beloved girl, who, in addition to the grief of losing him, in so public and ignominious a manner, accused herself as the cause of the whole calamity. He, to whom she had been so long and tenderly attached, was now to fall as it were by the hand of his betrothed bride! Such was the strangeness and suddenness of the event, that her feelings being wrought up to the highest pitch of excitation and terror, her very despair seemed to give her strength; and, casting all fear of consequences aside, she made a vow to save him, or to perish in the attempt. Bitterly weeping, and with dishevelled hair, she ran wildly through the city, beseeching pity and compassion from all her friends and acquaintance, and soliciting every body of rank and influence, to unite in petitioning for a pardon for her lover; or that her life, she being the sole author of the fault, might be accepted in the place of his.

The circumstances being made known, such was the tenderness and compassion excited in her behalf, and such the admiration of her conduct, at once so affectionate and spirited, that persons of the highest rank became interested for her, and used the most laudable efforts to obtain a free pardon for the poor soldier. The ladies of the place, also exerting their influence, the governor, no longer proof against this torrent of public feeling, made a merit of granting him forgiveness, on the condition of his being immediately united to the heroic and noble-hearted girl, and accepting with her a small donation, an example which was speedily followed by people of every rank; so that the young bride had the additional pleasure of presenting her beloved with a handsome dower, which satisfied their moderate wishes, and crowned their humble happiness.

THE OLD BACHELOR.

No. II.

Hear me relate

My story, which perhaps thou hast not heard.

PARADISE LOST, Book viii.

(Continued from page 73.)

NOTHING can be more conducive to a good understanding between an author and his readers, than a freedom on his part from all reserve and concealment. The great charm of such works as the confessions of Rosseau, and the Life of Johnson, by Boswell, consists in the unreserved confidence of manner with which the writers pour forth their own sentiments, whether good or bad. If they tell a great deal which most people would have concealed, that very circumstance gives an air of truth and nature to their narrative, which nothing else could communicate, and makes them please, in spite of a thousand imperfections. Richardson's novels, for the same reason, will always obtain admirers, notwithstanding they are the most tedious compositions which were ever perused by a man of genius. For an author to make himself the theme of his lucubrations, though it is rather a delicate undertaking, yet nothing but an excess of caution can render it hazardous. When a man presents the public with an account of his life, it will be positively expected that he should come before the world, like the ghost in Hamlet—"with all his imperfections on his head," and the world will like him the better for it. The fact is, when a piece of biography is found to have all the air of a threnodial panegyric cut out of a funeral discourse, every sensible person looks upon it as possessing about the same authority with the last dying speeches and confessions of condemned criminals, which are regularly manufactured by persons who know nothing of them but their names and crimes. The former consist of lies laudatory, and the latter of lies vituperative, and that is the chief difference in the two species of composition.

Wishing, as I do, to gain the favour of my readers, I shall, at this early period of our intercourse, communicate a few

circumstances of my history, setting before them such of my adventures and characteristic peculiarities as appear to me to be most interesting, without stopping to consider whether they will tell to my advantage or not.

My name is Adam Singlesides, and I am the last of my family in the male line; for it is a curious fact, that my paternal ancestors, so far back as my pedigree reaches, have been (not seventh sons of seventh sons, but) only sons of only sons, no mother's son of the Singleside's race, within the descents enumerated in the said pedigree, having ever had a brother. The genealogical tree from this circumstance has a very meagre appearance, looking like a sprucely trimmed poplar, instead of branching on every side luxuriantly, like an oak or a vine. What is worse, the history of my worthy progenitors is an absolute blank down to the time of my grandfather, whose memoirs I shall not enter upon at present. My father was a physician, whose practice lay more among the poor than the rich; and who, though he often cured those who had been given over by other medical men, yet found his practice much less profitable than theirs, because he had nothing but skill in his profession to recommend him to notice. There were two other physicians in the town where he resided; one of whom committed numberless blunders, which would have disgraced a farrier's apprentice; but he was a methodist, as were more than half the wealthy people in the place, and they consequently employed him, putting, perhaps, more confidence in his prayers than in his prescriptions. The other doctor was a good shot, a capital whist-player, and could drink three bottles of wine at a sitting; accomplishments in which the squire of the parish also excelled, and which he considered as indispensable requisites to constitute a clever man in any profession or employment whatever. The drinking doctor was therefore his boon companion and regular medical attendant; for my father being a water-drinker, Squire Jones took it for granted he must be an ignoramus. Circumstances, however, subsequently induced him to alter his opinion. Mr. Jones's mode of living brought on a dropsy, which, in spite of Dr. Drownum's repeated tappings and draughts, got worse and worse. My father was called in, luckily before the disease was become incurable. His prescriptions had the desired

effect; and though the squire did not entirely cut his old friend, yet he shewed his gratitude to my father by various kind offices, and used often to declare that Dr. Singlesides would be the best physician in the county, if he could be prevailed on to relinquish his dangerous practice of water-drinking.

I lost my mother at a period when I was so young that I have no recollection of her; and, therefore, I shall only observe, that she was an excellent wife, and as such, sincerely regretted by her consort, who survived her about fifteen years. My father, out of his narrow income, had contrived to save a sum of money, sufficient to purchase an annuity for my life. He consigned me to the guardianship of his bosom friend, the clergyman of the parish in which he lived, a man, whose character was like his own, so unexceptionably good, that

“E'en his failings leaned to virtue's side.”

To this gentleman I am partly indebted for a liberal education; which, perhaps, in the present state of society, is nearly the best gift which human care and kindness can bestow on a fellow creature.

The peculiar circumstances in which I was placed with regard to my income, inspired me, as soon as I was sensible of my situation, with an unconquerable desire to make myself practically acquainted with the world: thinking that, whenever I pleased, I could sit down and live reasonably well on my annuity. This inquisitive disposition induced me, before I was twenty-one, to go to the East Indies as a surgeon's mate: for my father's instructions, and some subsequent study, had enabled me to attain sufficient medical knowledge for the situation. From the East Indies I went to China in the same capacity. In these two voyages I employed all my leisure in learning the art of navigation; and became at length so expert a mariner, as to be able to take the command of a small vessel, purchased by an American, with whom I formed an acquaintance at Canton. In this ship I made many voyages, and visited several of the Asiatic and South Sea Islands, New Holland, and the western coast of North and South America. I finally doubled Cape Horn, and sailed to Boston, where the owner of the vessel resided. Tired of a sailor's life, I relinquished my command, and travelled to

Canada. At Quebec, I found a party preparing for an expedition into the interior of the country, a scheme which exactly suited my roving disposition, and therefore I immediately embarked in it. During the excursion we met with a band of Iroquois warriors, whose mode of life I thought so well worth studying, that, having gained the friendship of their aged chief, by curing him of a dropsy, he adopted me as his son, and I joined the party of *savages*, as European vanity terms them. Three years of my life were spent among these children of the desert, with more satisfaction than the polished society of a metropolitan city has since afforded me. I do not know but I might have stayed in the Columbian wilds all my life, and become the father of a race of Anglo-Indian warriors, but for the death of a copper-coloured mistress. I had fallen in love with a charming squaw, the grand-daughter of my old friend and adoptive father, who was looking forward with pleasure to our union, when the unfortunate object of my affections was bitten by a rattle-snake, and expired in my arms. Driven almost frantic with grief, I could not bear the scene of my misfortune: and taking a hasty leave of the old man, I set off for Quebec, whence I soon after took my passage to England.

Falmouth was the place where I landed, and in that seaport I found an old ship-mate settled, as far as a seaman who follows his profession can be said to be settled at all. He was then captain of a privateer; but having married a young lady of Falmouth, he had a house and establishment in that town. Jack Mainsail's wife was one of the most lovely women I ever beheld. She was sincerely attached to her husband; and vile indeed must the wretch have been who could have entertained a thought injurious to their felicity. My friend invited me to pass a few months in his house, and I stayed there half a year, when Mainsail set off on a cruize, and I went to London. About three weeks after I arrived there, going one day into a coffee-house, I took up the Public Ledger, and one of the first articles which caught my eye was a circumstantial account of an engagement between the Hawk privateer, Captain Mainsail, and an American frigate; for this was during the American war. The captain was stated to have boarded the enemy's ship, and to have been killed on her deck, in sight of his own crew. They, however, suc-

ceeded in beating off the American, and were said to have returned to Falmouth. I had nothing to do in London, and, impelled by friendship and compassion, I instantly took a place in the Falmouth Diligence, and hastened thither, to offer assistance and consolation to the mourning widow of my friend. Arriving there, I found, as I had expected, that she was already acquainted with the extent of her misfortune; and, overwhelmed with the deepest sorrow, she appeared truly grateful for my kindness. My time was devoted to her service, and numberless occasions occurred in which my assistance was beneficial to her affairs, while my sympathetic condolence contributed to assuage her grief. Though I was in the daily habit of seeing her, several months passed away ere the idea of repairing her loss entered my mind. A year and a half thus elapsed, when, seeing my charming widow restored to tranquillity, and the affairs of her late husband satisfactorily arranged, I began to consider more attentively the peculiarity of her situation and my own. We had both been deprived of the objects of our early attachment, and it appeared as if Heaven had designed we should supply to each other the mutual loss we had sustained. In short, I addressed her on the subject; she heard me with favour, and, finally, accepted my offer. The day of our marriage was fixed, and as we wished the ceremony to be private, no persons were invited besides those whose presence was necessary. The service had proceeded to that part in which the minister adjures those who know any just cause, &c.—to speak or for ever hold their peace—when a man burst into the church, and, in a loud voice, exclaimed, “Stop, I command you,” and the next instant clasped the bride in his arms. I was about to tear her from him, when he cast on me a withering look, and I knew the features of her husband. Mrs. Mainsail had fainted, and the cares of all were necessarily taken up with her situation. The restoration of animation was accompanied with violent convulsions. She was removed from the church to a neighbouring house. Several of the faculty were called in, but their skill was exerted almost in vain. The life of the patient was long uncertain, and she ultimately sunk into a state of hopeless fatuity, little short of catalepsy, from which she never recovered.—Mainsail, it seems, was found, after the ac-

tion was over, in which he was supposed to have been killed, to be still breathing, but most dangerously wounded. The American captain paid him every attention which his situation required, and returning to New York, whence he had sailed, carried his prisoner thither. Six months elapsed before my friend's wounds were healed. During that time he had twice written to his wife, but neither of the letters reached her. On the recovery of his health, finding he had no chance of getting exchanged, he contrived to effect his escape from New York, intending to join the English army then besieging that city. Unfortunately, he was taken by a party of Indian warriors, who had joined the Americans, by them conveyed beyond the reach of any intercourse with the coast, and detained in captivity till about four months before; when he a second time gave his captors the slip, and getting on board an English frigate about to return home, he at length revisited his native land, unconscious of the misery that there awaited him. He had reached Falmouth not half an hour previous to his unexpected appearance in the church. Having learnt at his own house, for the first time, the report of his death and the intended marriage of his wife, no other course of proceeding presented itself but the one he adopted; the disastrous result of which so affected his mind, that he soon after went again to sea, weary and consequently careless of his life, which was ere long terminated gloriously, as it had been spent, in the service of his country.

Such have been my early adventures, and such the misfortunes which have prevented me from entertaining any subsequent thought of matrimony. Without any fault, on my part, my attempts to secure a nuptial partner have involved myself and others in misery. But the singularity of my case, renders it truly unfit for a precedent; and, while I resolve to remain an Old Bachelor, I counsel my readers not to be deterred by my fate from marriage, but rather to be rendered cautious in contracting that solemn engagement.

(To be continued.)

EUSTACE MERTON;

OR,

Inconstancy.

(Concluded from page 17.)

MRS. MERTON having heard the news, which she knew would wreck her son's happiness but too soon, repaired to Mrs. Danvers, and expostulated with her on the injustice of their conduct; but that lady candidly confessed she could do nothing to relieve her anxiety, as Mr. Danvers was bent on the match, and Catharine was completely bewildered in the anticipations of the brilliant and fortunate lot awaiting her. On hearing this relation, Mrs. Merton could not, on her own account, regret the failure of their intended union. A female so vain, ambitious, and light-hearted, as Catharine, she rightly deemed wholly unworthy of occupying a place in the affections of her high and noble-minded son. But, alas! when she remembered how ardently that son was devoted to Catharine, and how full and unbounded was his reliance on the strength of her attachment, she shed the bitter tears of unavailing regret, that the young morning of his life was destined to be so soon darkened by the clouds of sorrow and disappointment.

A few days after this, Mrs. Merton received a letter from Eustace; the tone of it was depressed throughout;—he was extremely uneasy at not having heard from Catharine; his two last letters remained unanswered; he moreover added, that he was on the eve of a battle, wherein his party had every hope of being victorious; he missed, however, the exhilarating influence which her own sweet assurance, that he was as dear to her as ever, would have spread around him. Alas! Catharine never wrote again.—Though a pang of remorse sometimes shot across her heart, when she thought of her conduct to Eustace, yet the proposal for a party of pleasure, or, some costly present, speedily obliterated its smart; and as she herself was incapable of appreciating the warmth and value of Eustace's attachment, she deemed that his disappointment would be of short duration; and his affections, like her own, be easily transferred to some other fair one.

Eagerly and anxiously did Mrs. Merton watch the details, which, from time to time, appeared in the papers, of the killed

and wounded in the battle that had taken place, wherein her son was engaged. He was preserved, and her heart beat high, with a mother's pride, as she read of his bravery and gallant bearing. Her's was a painful task to execute; for she deemed it a duty she owed to her son, immediately to inform him that Catharine was no longer worthy of his love, and that he must, in fact, consider her as devoted to another. Though Mrs. Merton communicated the intelligence as tenderly as possible, it fell like withering poison on the heart and energies of Eustace; his best hope was crushed, his affections destroyed—a severe illness was the consequence of the agitation and mental anxiety he experienced; and, for some time, his life was despaired of. The natural strength of his constitution, however, triumphed; in six weeks he was considered convalescent, and, his native air being recommended, he obtained leave of absence.

With disappointed hopes and a broken spirit, Eustace set sail for England. Mrs. Merton knew her son had been ill; but knew not how seriously he had suffered, until she received a letter announcing his intention of returning; yet fixing no precise date when he might be expected. He begged that she would not again name, or even recur in her letters to the object of his early love, until time had, in some degree, rendered him able to hear, or pronounce it without emotion.

A calm and beautiful evening greeted the return of Eustace to his early home.—The sun was declining, rapidly, amid clouds of purple and gold, tinging every object with its bright and glorious rays. As he wound down one of the hills, by a circuitous path, his feelings almost overpowered him. Before him lay the village church, the object of his early veneration; the fields where he had sported in his boyhood, and even his mother's little white cottage, were plainly discernible.—“Oh! scene of peace and happiness,” said Eustace, “what sad recollections ye bring to me! On such an evening as this, full of hope, and rich in present happiness, I bid you farewell. Now all is sadly changed; instead of the bright looks and sunny smiles, which I fondly expected would greet my arrival, there is forgetfulness—scorn—and neglect.” He descended the hill; and, in his route, passed the well remembered gate that led into Mr. Danver's grounds. The temptation was too great to be resisted. He entered in the hope

(though he would scarcely confess it to himself,) of once more catching a glimpse of Catharine, and then bidding her farewell for ever.

As he passed along, every place was full of sorrowful remembrance.—The trees, beneath which he had sat and conversed with Catharine; and the spot they had noticed, as presenting the most picturesque view of the adjacent village; and the romantic church with its tall grey spire, high arched windows, and ivy-covered walls—all these presented themselves to his notice. He proceeded onwards to a small pavilion which he knew to have been, formerly, the favourite retreat of Catharine, and where he had himself passed some of his happiest hours. No one being there, he could not deny himself the melancholy pleasure of entering once again. He sighed bitterly as he passed the entrance; for the rose tree which he had himself formerly planted, once so flourishing, and which Catharine delighted to tend with the utmost care, was now neglected and perishing. He seated himself and leaned against the wall, for a few seconds, in silence. A small harp-lute attracted his attention, on a table lay a manuscript music-book: but the copying was not his, and he closed the leaves despondingly.

The decorations of the place were entirely changed; nothing remained as he had formerly known it; save a beautiful vase, for holding flowers, the gift of Eustace to Catharine, which still retained its place, filled with the choicest blossoms of the garden. Her drawing materials lay, on the table, together with several sketches—he took up a few; an unfinished likeness of a gentleman met his view; beneath were some lines pencilled, expressive of attachment.—Eustace could not bear to look on it; rightly concluding it was the portrait of his rival—throwing it hastily on the table, he rushed out of the pavilion. He sat for some moments on a bench, placed near the entrance of Catharine's little retreat, endeavouring to subdue his present agitation, which he felt himself ill able to bear.

At this very moment he heard footsteps approaching—he started up, the next moment the light figure of Catharine met his view: an exclamation of surprise escaped her lips; she turned, and would have fled.—In an instant Eustace was by her side; “Nay, fly not, Catharine,” he said, “still *dear* Catharine: I would not harm you for worlds; I come not here to upbraid

or reproach you—though you have ceased to love me, and have forgotten *your* parting vow of affection, I have not yet learned to forget mine. I know I am an intruder here; but I am going, and that for ever.”—“My father,” said Catharine, in a faltering voice, “does not approve of our intended union.” “Say, rather,” replied Eustace, “that you have rejected my affection for wealth and distinction, and crushed, for ever, the best feelings of a heart devoted *alone* to you. Yes, Catharine,” he added, “another may bestow upon you the gifts of fortune; but no one can ever offer you love more disinterested and tender than mine. You turn from me,” he continued; “alas! I am not what I was. I know I am sadly changed—I *feel* I am ill. An unhealthy station has done me much injury, but your unkindness, Catharine, and the wreck of my best hopes, *more*.” He paused for a few moments, overcome with emotion; Catharine was still silent, though evidently affected. Eustace drew from the folds of his vest her picture, and a small gold locket which contained her lock of hair. He pressed the portrait to his lips, and then placed it in the hand of Catharine; “I return it to you,” said he, “for I can never bear to look on the likeness of a face, still so dear to me, and know, the original is lost to me, for ever; but *this*, this graceful, glossy curl, I cannot part from; nor deny myself the melancholy pleasure, when I gaze at it, of remembering it was the gift of one whose love once beamed as a cheering light over my path of life.” Catharine sighed. “Oh, yes,” continued Eustace, “in the moment of danger, in the hour of toil, when my spirits were depressed, your image was present to my thoughts as a lovely beacon, amid distress and darkness, shedding around me the purple light of hope; and beckoning me onwards to the shore, where I fondly fancied, love and happiness stood waiting my arrival.—But, no more of this.—I will not distress you further: may *you* never know the bitterness of disappointed affection; and now, farewell, object of my early love! though mine be a dreary lot, may *your's* be blest and happy.” A tear stole down the cheek of Catharine; she sank on a seat as Eustace took her hand; who pressing it fervently to his lips, was out of sight in a few moments.

Mrs. Merton was sitting alone, in her parlour, reading, when she heard the well known voice of her son; rushing forth

to meet him, she clasped him in her arms, and then burst into tears, overcome with agony at the melancholy change a few months had wrought in him. Eustace read her thoughts—"I shall soon be quite well, mother," he said; "I have seen *her* for the last time, and my mind is much easier.—I will think of it no more: but shake off this leaden weight on my spirits, and live for *your* sake, my dear and kind mother." Mrs. Merton tried to smile, and to speak cheerfully; but it was a painful effort—she entertained but very faint hopes of his ultimate recovery. Consumption, she saw, had already marked him for the grave, yet was she thankful that he was once again in his own home; where a mother's tender care could soothe his troubles and administer to his wants. The next morning Eustace was unable to rise; the agitation of the preceding evening had been too much for his weak frame, and a fever was the consequence, which confined him to his chamber for several weeks.—Watched and tended, with the greatest care, he recovered so far as to be able to leave his bed; though the hectic tinge on his cheek, and the glassy brightness of his eye, were sorrowful warnings to Mrs. Merton, that she must prepare for a speedy separation from him.

One bright and sunny morning, being seated at the window of his chamber, fronting the road, the curtain half undrawn, he felt the fresh breeze play revivingly over his temples. At this moment the bells of the village church began ringing a merry peal. Eustace sighed deeply, well remembering the pleasure with which Catharine and he had formerly listened to their evening chimes. He was quickly roused from his mournful reverie, by the sound of carriage-wheels approaching; he bent forward to look—it was a bridal cavalcade: he looked once again—oh! heaven! it was Catharine, as lovely as ever. A veil enveloping her blushing face; she smiled, as if in answer to some remark made by the gentleman beside her; and turned on him her eyes, beaming with tenderness and delight. It was too much for Eustace, who, uttering a deep groan, fainted in his chair. Mrs. Merton hastened to her son; he turned on her a look expressive of his deep anguish; but was too weak to speak. He was borne to his bed; but all care and skill were unavailing; the shock he had received was too powerful for his shattered frame; in three days Mrs. Merton wept over the corse of her only son.

MRS. H——.

LETTERS FROM A NORTHUMBERLAND CURATE.

No. V.

(Continued from page 41.)

Jan. 7, 1825.

MR. EDITOR,

A CIRCUMSTANCE most unexpected, yet most welcome, will interrupt the transmission of my Memoirs, until your next number will have been completed at the press. I had arranged my memoranda, mended my pen, wiped my spectacles, and done all things preparatory to the commencement of my learned labours, when Susan, who, by the bye, is a most excellent maid of all work, both culinary, domestic, and farming, brought me a letter; and, as she handed it, prophetically declared she thought "it contained good luck." Such indeed was the case. An old pupil of mine had, by the death of a distant relation, come into possession of large landed property in Norfolk; he was now Lord of the manor; and also patron of the living, which, at this critical moment, became vacant by the decease of the Hon. Hugh — who being nearly related to the primate, had been permitted to add this as the ninth ecclesiastical appointment which he held in *propria personâ*. Many long years had passed since the squire had been my pupil; and yet, sir, I write it to the honour of our common nature, time had not obliterated from his memory the recollection of the pedagogue by whom he had been trained to virtue and to science. I confess I had done him an injustice. I had ranked him among the *immemores beneficii*: and had, for several years, totally forgotten him. On this occasion he did me the favour, to offer me the vacant living, and, though but a trifle to the possessor of eight other princely revenues, it promises to us *otium cum dignitate*, in our old age. To morrow, my dame and I proceed to take possession; and until this important event takes place you can hear no further from the

NORTHUMBERLAND CURATE.

(To be continued.)

HISTORICAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE DRAMA,
WITH
Anecdotes of its Professors, Ancient and Modern.

(Continued from page 28.)

MACKLIN was a rigorous censor, in what he termed "stage discipline." He would not allow of either actor or actress, forgetting, for even one instant, the character they assumed. "With regard to the women, (he used to say,) I am out of patience, when I see a leer shot at some buck in the pit, from Estifania; or a side-long curtsy dropped to my lady duchess, by the queen Constance.—But when Romeo, or Ranger, look more at the slips than to Juliet's tomb, or Clorinda's window, I could drub the fellow off the stage!" His judgment was certainly correct in its principle; and, it is not less true, that once or twice in the long course of my frequenting the theatre, (adds my dramatic oracle,) I have caught Garrick casting a glance towards Lady Burlington's box, where his attractive Eva sat, a too powerful temptation to be resisted.—He was then paying his addresses to her in private: and what lover could wholly restrain his eyes from sometimes wandering to the same bright object in public, when conscious it was shining on him?—Could his spur have been so cold, he could never have entered into the soul of Romeo—into the spirit of Ranger.—But, excepting in that case, I never beheld the steady mind in personation of David Garrick, seem to swerve one minute from his actual business on the boards. Macklin, indeed, "old as he was, for lady's love unfit!" like many of his younger cotemporaries on the stage, could not always stomach the admiration which the fair part of the audience often manifested to Mr. Garrick, not merely in the quality of his profession as an actor, but as one of the most elegant and agreeable men in the town. But he was himself so aware of the necessity of keeping any observation of the audience out of the apparent thoughts of the performer, that he made it a first law with all new comers on the boards, never to turn their eyes from the sharers in the scene, unless when an apostrophe, soliloquy, or any other such occasion, demanded a front to the audience. One night, while playing the lady in *Lette*, Mrs.

Clive, in turning her head towards the stage-box, chanced to encounter the eye of Charles Townsend. That gay son of wit and fun, pointed instantly to an old belle on his left, a very caricature of the ridiculous dame she was portraying to the life.—The actress paused for a moment, and burst out a laughing. The galleries saw the joke, and joined most boisterously in the mirth, clapping loudly with their hands at the same time. The nice delicacy of Mr. Garrick felt the indecorum of what was passing; and in the same spirit he met Mrs. Clive at the door of the green-room, on her exit from the scene.—“Madam, (said he,) your smiles are always despotie. It was those of Mrs. Clive, which called down that burst of merriment just now; to morrow night, I hope it will be produced by that of the character she intended to personate!”—This judicious actress was not backward in comprehending his meaning; and shutting her eyes sportively, rapped their lids with her fan—“I whip the truants, (cried she,) that brought me into the scrape; they never again shall so betray their mistress.”—While reading these anecdotes, can the most captious disbelieve that perfect acting was produced by discipline such as this?—But what would this theatrical Solon, and his fair disciple think, could they become spectators of the present state of the stage; where, with a very few exceptions, the character enacted is one of the last things in the thought of the performer. With the men, the meaning of Shakespeare is forgotten, in a search after the prevailing “mood of the gods and groundlings,” or to shew some as absurd mannerism of their own. The start, the pause, the cadence tumbling from *alt* to *bass*, the writhe, the growl; are all exhibited, whether the actor shew himself in tyrant, hero, lover, or philosopher; and indeed it is himself he shews; for on rising from our seats we know as little of the personage intended to be performed, as if Mr. A. or B, had never honoured it with their names in the bills.—but what shall we say of the generality of ladies, who occupy the stations once so ably filled (not so far back as the days of Garrick and Mrs. Clive) in our own memories!—The stations of Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Bartley, Miss O'Neill, Miss Farren, Mrs. Jordan!—Their successors are certainly very pretty women—but—but—Melpomene and Thalia are divinities who will not shed their glories unsought by study, and an ambition which makes their smiles the first

object. These pretty women may charm a coronet, and become "peeresses in their own right!" but they never will deserve the title of a peeress of the British Drama; they never will write themselves Lady Macbeth, in the tablets of our memories, nor the tender Belvidere in our hearts. This latter constellation of fair stars who illumined our own immediate horizon, seemed yet to have caught their fire, and kept it burning from the resplendent sun of Garrick, and its reflecting train. That bright system is set, and the other moves onward to the same declining sky!—a few words more may therefore be gratefully spared, to commemorate the objects of so brilliant an example.

Whatever I am writing on the subject, is founded on my own knowledge, or on authority of indisputable credit; the taste of men who benched with Burke and Johnson. I have already given my meed of homage to Mrs. Pritchard, Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Clive, and Mrs. Pope. I now proceed, first, with Mrs. Yates, the legitimate heiress, rather than rival, of the two former superb queens of the Drama. In her person, she was tall and beautiful; her deportment possessed an uncommon air of even royal dignity. Indeed, both her talents and figure were peculiarly formed for high, commanding, and imperious parts. In proof, I need only recount that on the night she played for the first time Medea, in Glover's splendid tragedy of that name, when she came off the stage into the green-room, the enraptured poet exclaimed "Behold the Daughter of the Sun!" Her dress seemed formed of his rays; being woven with gold and silver threads, covered with jewels. But the similitude was not there. It was her mein, her aspect, her noble action; the fury of the inspired enchantress, the demi-goddess; deceived by a mortal lover! The last character in which I saw her, was a lofty-minded personage of a different stamp:—Calista, in the Fair Penitent—a title, as little deserved by the heroine as appropriate to the play. Mrs. Yates performed it with all the fire and daring of a proud and impassioned woman: tenderness never softened her voice; nor did sorrow or remorse seem to shed a tear from her eye. When she wept, it was in the gust of offended pride, in the anguish of disappointment; and, above all, in the wild resentment of discarded dishonour. From the first, indeed, she appeared to have caught a perfectly answering flame from the bold and practised Lothario; which burnt rather than melted the heart:—and we saw her, as it were, mounting

the funeral pyre of her lover, killed in a duel for her, to expire in the same blaze which had consumed her innocence and his life. There was not a look of penitence from beginning to end; for there is not such a written sentiment in the character. Hence Mrs. Yates played it to perfection. Mrs. Siddons, who I have also seen in the part, filled it with majesty and scorn, rather than pride and passion; therefore was too august and cold for the character. When you looked on her, you saw it was impossible that the Calista of Mrs. Siddons could ever have been the contaminated mistress of any man. The same style of tragic grandeur, both in her person and manner, prevented all illusion in her representation of Mrs. Haller, in *The Stranger*. That gentle, susceptible being, weakly seduced from her home, husband, and children, by the tale of a libertine admirer, could not be portrayed by the lofty port, and integral form of the very empress of the scene. Her figure, like Minerva's self, her dignified tread, her penetrating eye, were all at variance with the story she relates of her fall, and her misery. We indeed admired the august, and agitating tragic opposition we gazed upon, but it was not that of Mrs. Haller,—Miss O'Neill produced her timid and shrinking; an object of betrayed innocence and ruined peace, so to the very fact, that tears and sobs from the audience bore their evidence of sympathy beyond the most thundering applause. This sweet actress is now lost to the stage:—and yet, not so; for her example still exists there, to excite an ambition in her young and lovely successors to emulate her merit as a performer, and to follow her steps in purity, and the world's respect.

D.

(To be continued.)

THE PERSIAN PEASANT.

Translated from the Italian.

A CERTAIN Persian peasant chanced one morning to be carrying a fine kid to market, riding upon his ass with the dainty animal following him. The better to secure his charge, he had tied a little bell to its neck. He had journeyed about the distance of two miles, when he had the ill luck to fall in with three robbers, famous in those parts for the audacity and cunning of their thefts. "Lo!" said one of them to his

companions, as he beheld the countryman approaching, "here comes a fine fish for our net; I think he is worth hooking. I will bet you what you please, I can run away with that pretty kid, without the stupid wretch perceiving it."—"And I," said the other, "that I will take the beast he rides upon with his own permission, and he shall moreover thank me for it."—"Pshaw!" cried the third, "why boast of this? it is mere child's play, unworthy of our skill and of the reputation we enjoy. For my part, as you have left me nothing else, I will strip him of the very clothes he has on his back, and he shall salute me by the tender names of benefactor and friend."—"To the trial, then," cried all three at once.—"Let the first boaster," said the last, "proceed to work first." So forth he stepped, following the poor rustic quietly at a distance. Soon, unloosing the bell from the kid's neck with infinite dexterity, he tied it to the ass's tail, and away he went with the kid in a contrary direction. The poor man still hearing the tinkling of the bell, concluding all was safe behind him, and merrily jogged along his way. At length, however, he happened to turn round, and hearing the bell, but not seeing the goat, he was greatly puzzled what to think, or which way to look, running hastily in different directions, and inquiring of every one he met, whether they had seen his kid, and the thief who had stolen it. The second robber, upon this, coming forward, said: "It is true, I saw a man running away in that direction just now: he had a goat, and I will be sworn it was yours." So away went the countryman, leaving his ass in the thief's care, and thanking him at the same time for his kindness. After running himself out of breath, he found his search was all in vain; making a few more unavailing efforts in various directions, he was fain to return, as he fondly dreamed, to his ass, which he had left in the kind stranger's protection. "Alas!" he cried, "where is my friend? where is my donkey? surely, surely the thief has not stolen them!" Perceiving at length the full extent of his misfortune, he began to blaspheme bitterly, cursing the day he was born, and Mahomet, and all the prophets. "But the next rascal who imposes upon me," he cried, "must be made of very different stuff." Whilst he was in this way defying all the powers of mischief to league against him in future, and committing a thousand extrava-

gancies, he happened to hear a deep groan uttered not far from him; and going a little farther, he found a man weeping bitterly. The rustic said: "What is the matter with you, that you make such a lamentable noise? Do you think you are as unfortunate as I am, who have lost two beautiful beasts, a goat and an ass, at a single throw? I was going with my kid to market, when lo! two detestable monsters in the shape of thieves, have robbed me of all I had in the world, the foundation of my future fortunes." But the third robber only replied, "Get thee gone, fool, and do not pretend to compare miseries with me! Why, I have dropt a case of the most precious jewels, directed to the *cadi*, into this well; the value of them would not only buy all the asses and goats in the world, but all Persia into the bargain; and what is more, if I do not find them, the *cadi* will hang me up by the neck." On saying this, he again commenced his cries, to such a doleful tune, that not even the unhappy rustic was proof against them. "Then why not strip and dive for them, instead of raising all this clamour?" he cried; "the well is not so deep as to drown you, nor to break your neck if you should fall."—"Alas!" said the thief, "I can neither dive nor swim; I should assuredly perish! Would any one take compassion on me, and go down, I would give him ten pieces of gold to find them."—"Would you so?" exclaimed the joyous rustic, snatching at the offer; "this is an offer to redeem my losses with a vengeance. It will pay me double, both for the goat and the ass;" and forthwith he proceeded to strip himself; then balancing himself on the edge of the well, he sprang in, plunging and diving, and swimming in all directions, yet all in vain, for no treasure was to be found.

At length, having explored all the corners, he was glad to get out again, and looked somewhat anxiously for his clothes, as he found it beginning to be very cold. What a consummation of his sorrows! He beheld neither his friend nor his garments; and for the third time, he perceived too late that he had been cheated. To crown his misfortunes, he was compelled to return home in this pitiable condition, where his wife first began to ridicule him, and then gave him a sound beating.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HISTORY.

A UNIVERSAL HISTORICAL DICTIONARY; or Explication of the Names of Persons and Places in the Departments of Biblical, Political, and Ecclesiastical History, Mythology, Heraldry, Biography Bibliography, Geography, and Numismatics. By George Crabb, A. M. 4to. 2 vols.

The general nature and design of this work will appear from the title: on the utility of such a compilation, it is unnecessary to enlarge, as it must be obvious on the slightest consideration. The first part only of this Dictionary has yet appeared; and judging, from the manner in which it is executed, we anticipate the probability of its forming, when it is completed, one of the most valuable books of reference in the English language.

BOUTERWEK'S HISTORY OF SPANISH LITERATURE. Translated from the Original. By Thomasina Ross. 8vo.—This translation is from the pen of a lady, to whom we are also indebted for the "History of Portuguese Literature," by the same author, in an English dress. Both works are creditably executed; and may be safely recommended as affording just and pleasing delineations of the literary characters of those countries which gave birth to a Cervantes, a Lopez de Vega, a Calderon, a Camoens, and other votaries of the Muses, whose names and works are not so well known as they deserve to be, beyond the boundaries of their native countries.

THE HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF WELLS CATHEDRAL. By John Britton, F. S. A. &c. 4to.—Several years have now elapsed since Mr. Britton commenced a series of historical and antiquarian works, illustrative of the English cathedral churches. Accounts of those of Salisbury, York, Canterbury, and some others, have already been published. All these works are accompanied with accurate engravings, executed by distinguished artists; and should the plan be completed, the whole will form a most valuable body of ecclesiastical topography. The publication before us relates to a church which has never previously been the subject of any literary work of importance. This history will therefore be acceptable to those who may be interested in the subject by local associations, as well as to antiquaries and topographers in general.

BIOGRAPHY.

A NARRATIVE OF LORD BYRON'S LAST JOURNEY TO GREECE. Extracted from the Journal of Count Peter Gamba, who

attended his Lordship on that Expedition. 8vo.—This volume supplies interesting and apparently exact information relative to the proceedings of Lord Byron in Greece; and contains some curious intelligence as to the probable designs and actuating motives of that extraordinary man.

A SHORT EXTRACT FROM THE LIFE OF GENERAL MINA; published by himself. 8vo.—Those who may feel any curiosity concerning the subject of this apologetical memoir, may at once gratify that sentiment, and serve the cause of humanity, by purchasing the book which is published for the benefit of the distressed Spaniards, whose conduct during the commotions in their native country has obliged them to seek an asylum in England.

VOYAGES, TRAVELS, &c.

AN UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT TO REACH REPULSE BAY, by Sir Thomas Rowe's Welcome. 8vo.—This is Captain Lyon's narrative of a recent expedition to explore the Polar Seas. It is no otherwise interesting than as it affords abundant proofs of the activity, patience, courage, and perseverance of British mariners, in the midst of the most alarming difficulties and dangers.

LISBON IN THE YEARS 1821, 1822, 1823, By Marianne Baillie. 2 vols. 12mo.—Though an intimate relation has long subsisted between Portugal and Great Britain, yet the former country has so little attraction for travellers, that it had been comparatively but little visited, and seldom described, till the peninsular war with Buonaparte. Since that time, Portugal and its capital have been better known. Still there was room for farther information, which has been furnished by Mrs. Baillie, whose picture of Lisbon we can recommend to our readers as interesting in itself, and highly creditable to the literary attainments of the writer.

NOVELS.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS. Second Series. 2 vols. 12mo. Such an observer of life and manners, as Mr. Theodore Hook, could hardly fail to amuse the public by communicating his observations. The popular garb in which he clothed his lucubrations, has doubtless increased their attraction. It was no wonder, therefore, that his first collection of the "Sayings and Doings" of the fashionable world proved extremely amusing; and when we assure our readers that his Second Series is at least equally attractive, we need not say a word more in favour of the volumes.

NEW LANDLORD'S TALES, or Jedidiah in the South. 2 vols. The author of these fictitious narratives has shewn so much real talent, that we are sorry to see him endeavouring to attract attention, by borrowing the title of a popular writer, whose works have no sort of resemblance to his own. But though we object to the title of these

tales, we have no fault to find with the tales themselves; which may be read with pleasure and advantage, as being both amusing and instructive.

POETRY.

COMIC TALES AND LYRICAL FANCIES: including the *Chesiad*, a Mock Heroic, in Five Cantos; and the *Wreath of Love*, in Four Cantos. By C. Dibdin, the Younger. 12mo.—To write drollery with decency, and to display wit and humour without trespassing the boundaries of modesty and propriety, requires talents of no common order. Mr. Dibdin has shewn how to accomplish this difficult task; and has presented us with a volume calculated to afford general entertainment.

TASSO AND THE SISTERS—Tasso's Spirit—The Nuptials of Juno—The Skeletons—The Spirits of the Ocean.—Poems, by Thomas Wade. 8vo.—These poems are not without faults, but they display beauties which more than atone for them, and entitle the author to the commendation due to taste and talent.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

DOMESTIC DUTIES; or, Instructions to Young Married Ladies, on the Management of their Households, and the Regulation of their conduct in the various Relations and Duties of Married Life. By Mrs. William Parkes.—We are very deeply impressed with a sense of the importance of the present volume to the young housekeeper. It cannot be supposed that ladies, who generally enter upon the duties of married life at an early age, should, all at once, be possessed of that prudence and management so requisite to the well being and prosperity of their families; nor can the living monitor be always at hand, to suggest the needful caution, or prudent counsel; hence the value of such a guide as Mrs. Parkes's volume; which we earnestly recommend to the attention of our readers, and from which we shall take an early opportunity of making some valuable extracts.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE HERMIT IN ITALY; or, Observations on the Manners and Customs of Italy: being a Continuation of the Sketches of French Manners. By M. Jouy, Author of the *Hermit in Prison*, &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1825.—This is a translation of a new publication by the author of the *Hermit of the Chaussee d'Antin*, and several other works, analogous in title and character. It contains a light and amusing survey of Italian manners and morals, and appears, on the whole, not to be inferior to any of the preceding productions of this writer. The translator has done ample justice to the original.

ANALYSIS OF THE LONDON BALL-ROOM, in which is comprised the History of the Polite Art, &c. 12mo.—The literary portion

of this volume, or History of the Polite Art of Dancing, is a meagre and imperfect performance: but the collection of country dances, quadrilles, and waltzes, with the music, will, we doubt not, be found useful to the lovers of the polite art.

WINTER EVENING PASTIMES; or, the Merry-Maker's Companion. By Rachel Revel, Spinster, 12mo. Youth is the age for pastime, and it is seldom necessary to prompt the buoyant spirits of boys and girls, in search of amusement. Should any parties of masters and misses, however, be at a loss for means of filling up their idle hours, this volume will yield them more ample instructions on the subject, than any other with which we are acquainted.

["FIRE-SIDE SCENES," "ODD MOMENTS," and ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE ART OF LYING," are received; but too late for notice this month.]

Intelligence relative to Literature and the Arts.

Mad. de Gentis.—Memoirs of this veteran authoress, written by herself, are about to be published, both in the French and English languages.

The Margravine of Anspach—is going to publish an account of her life; which her talents can scarcely fail to render a most amusing production.

Mr. W. Godwin—is preparing for publication, the second volume of his "History of the Commonwealth of England."

Mr. Rescoe's new work, intitled "The Italian Novelists," will appear very shortly. It consists of a selection of narratives from the most approved Italian writers; translated from the original, and accompanied with notes, critical and biographical.

Madam Campan.—The private journal of Mad. Campan is announced for publication. It will comprise original anecdotes of the French Court, with extracts from her correspondence, her thoughts on education, &c.

One of the Authors of *Rejected Addresses*, is going to publish "Gaeties and Gravities, in prose and verse."

Michael Kelly's Memoirs, are about to make their appearance.

The Author of "*Wine and Walnuts*," has in the press an historical Novel, intitled, "The Twenty-ninth of May, or Rare Doings at the Restoration."

"The Art of Beauty,"—with graphic illustrations by Corbould, &c. is in the press.

The Crusaders.—The recent fire at Edinburgh has, among other evils, it is said, delayed the publication of "The Crusaders," to the great disappointment of a numerous body of readers.

Shakspeare.—A copy has been lately discovered of an edition of *Hamlet*, of the date of 1603, which is anterior to the earliest hitherto known. It will be reprinted and published immediately.

EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS,
FOR JANUARY, 1825.

THE state of our national finances, at the present period, affords a gratifying prospect. The assurances of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, when bringing forward his budget, in May last, have been more than borne out by the event. The customs, the excise, the stamp-duties, post office, assessed and other taxes, have proved more productive than usual; so that notwithstanding many taxes have been repealed, the total increase of the revenue for the past year, has amounted to the sum of £1,067,691.

The most important event connected with the external relations of this country, which we have to notice, is the recognition of the Independence of Mexico and Columbia, communicated by Mr. Canning, to the Ministers of Foreign Powers, on the 8th of the month. It is stated, that a Treaty of Commerce, with the Mexican and Columbian governments, is about to be negotiated; a Colonel Campbell and Mr. Ward will immediately take their departure to America, for that purpose.

Some advantages have been gained over the Burmese, by Sir Archibald Campbell; and the most recent intelligence from the East Indies, contains a report, that a deputation from Ava was on its way to Rangoon, to treat of peace; but this piece of information appears to be rather premature. A shocking occurrence has taken place in Van Dieman's Land:—a convict, named Alexander Pierce, has been tried, and found guilty of murdering a fellow-prisoner, a considerable part of whose body he devoured. The wretch acknowledged his crime; to the commission of which he was impelled by hunger, and for which he suffered the sentence of the law, on the 21st of last June. The family of the Marquis of Conyngham, recently received the distressing news of the death of his Lordship's eldest son, Lord Mountcharles, in Switzerland; whither he had gone for the benefit of his health. Some subsequent disclosures are reported to have taken place, developing the existence of an unexpected claimant of the family honours.

Among the principal foreign events of this month, is the death of Ferdinand IV, King of Naples and Sicily. He is succeeded by his son Francis, who had been exiled for interfering in the late revolution at Naples.

Greece seems to be suffering from the curse of internal dissention. The government and the military chiefs are at enmity. At Tripolitza, blood has been shed; and Colocotroni, whose son has been killed,

has made an appeal to the Primates of the Morea, urging them to declare against the Executive. The Greeks, however, are still prosperous at sea, Admiral Miaulie having taken, and brought into Nauplia, no less than eleven Turkish vessels.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.—Several remarkable trials of persons indicted for murder, have lately taken place. William Dewhirst was tried at the Surrey Sessions, on the 31st ult. for the murder of his infant daughter, with circumstances of peculiar cruelty. Of the fact there appeared to be no doubt, but the culprit was acquitted, on the ground of insanity. At the same Sessions, George Gregory was indicted for feloniously killing his father, but was acquitted; the fatal blow having been given inadvertently, in the midst of a sudden quarrel. Thomas Gooderham and John Eldred were tried at the Old Bailey, on the 14th inst. for killing their wives; and both were acquitted.

Mr. Joseph Lee, of Awkley, near Doncaster, was found drowned on the 24th. Owing to the evidence produced on the coroner's inquest, a man and his wife, living at Doncaster, have been committed to York Castle, to take their trial for the murder of the deceased. Two persons lately travelling on a stage coach, in Buckinghamshire, suddenly left the vehicle, and walked away to a retired spot, in Whaddon Chace, where one of them beat out his companion's brains, with a fowling-piece, which he carried. The assassin was observed and immediately arrested. He refused to assign any motive for his crime; and was committed to prison. It since appears, that these men were wine-coopers, residing at Vauxhall, and had long been intimately acquainted. Henry Durham was convicted at the Old Bailey, on the 18th, of committing a burglary in the house of Mr. Frazer, Norfolk-street, in the Strand. This man, and an accomplice, were taken in consequence of the family being alarmed by a dog, whose life was the sacrifice of his fidelity; for the robbers cut off the head of the poor animal.

Charles Loveday was convicted, at the Old Bailey, of cheating an old lady of seventeen sovereigns, by personating her son, who had, many years before, gone abroad. There were many charges against him, of a similar description, displaying, in a high degree, the audacity of the prisoner, and the weakness of those who were duped by his artifice. A man, calling himself the Rev. R. Smith, some time since, pretended to adopt two children of a tradesman in London, promising their parents that he would provide for them. It afterwards appeared that the man was an itinerant juggler, and that he employed the children to dance at his exhibitions. They were, at length, restored to their parents. The *soi ditant* Rev. R. Smith, recently obtained possession of a chapel, in Denmark-street, by defrauding the proprietor, but has hitherto escaped justice. Bills of indictment have been found, by the Grand Jury of Middlesex, against John Godfrey and Mrs. Stafford Cooke, who have

carried on schemes of fraud at the west end of the town, lately, on a very extensive scale. The prosecution commenced against Joseph Hayne, esq., by his butler, for an assault, has been withdrawn, on payment of £60 costs. An informer, (at the instance of a mercer in St Martin's Lane,) has been non-suited, in an action for usury, against a Mr. Rowland. The Princess Olive of Cumberland, as she styles herself, is pressing her pretensions as the direct descendant of the late King of Poland. The mail from Stirling to Edinburgh, has been robbed of £13,000, by a man who wears a pasteboard nose, and who is in custody for the offence. Mr. Snowball, a gentleman of Kensington Gore, lately poisoned himself, owing to mental uneasiness, arising from disputes with his wife, from whom he was separated. A young man, in the service of a whiting-manufacturer, at Lambeth, being arrested for embezzling his master's property, put an end to his life, by hanging himself, in Horsemonger-lane Gaol. An Inquest was lately held on the body of R. W. Dickson, M.D., of the Kent Road, who died in September last, but was kept, unburied, by a female relative, who lived with him, and who proposed keeping the body till the resurrection-day. The coroner, having ascertained that the deceased died a natural death, gave orders for his immediate interment. Several persons were recently tried at Dublin, for a conspiracy to accuse the Marquis of Westmeath of adultery, when three of them, Anne Connell, John Monaghan, and Patrick Farley, were found guilty, and the others acquitted. A trial took place in the Court of King's Bench, on the 17th, for crim. con. in which R. Albion Cox, esq. was plaintiff, and Edmund Kean, esq. defendant. The former obtained a verdict, with £800 damages. Signor Ventura, an Italian music master, indicted at the Old Bailey, for bigamy, proved that the lady, whom he had first married, was previously united to Sir James Cockburn, who is still living. Ventura was therefore acquitted.

About ten o'clock, on the morning of the 23th, the flooring of the long-room of the New Custom-house, partly gave way, and almost immediately fell in, leaving a chasm, nearly twenty feet by ten. The rubbish precipitated itself through the ground floor, and broke through the King's Warehouses, to the very foundation of the building. Had the accident occurred at a later hour, there is no doubt, but many lives would have been lost; but fortunately, so few persons being in attendance, no further accident occurred. Business was, however, totally suspended, to the serious inconvenience of many; and steps were immediately taken, to secure the official documents, and the standing parts of the building from destruction. As many of the Commissioners as could be found at the moment, formed a Board, to deliberate on the measures necessary to be pursued. The building has since been so far boarded up, as to prevent all egress and ingress, save to those concerned in the reparation of the damage.

A farmer at Hillingdon, near Uxbridge, was discovered, a few mornings since, dead, in his barn. It appears, from the evidence which was elicited on the inquest, that the unfortunate man had first cut his throat, but not doing it effectually, he finished the catastrophe by hanging himself.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

THE Christmas Pantomime brought out here, is intitled "Harlequin and the Talking Bird, or the Singing Trees and Golden Waters." It is a very dull production. Massinger's tragedy, "The Fatal Dowry," with considerable alterations, was performed at this house, on the 5th, with great success. This drama bears so much resemblance to Rowe's "Fair Penitent," that it is unnecessary to notice the fable more particularly. Mr. Macready acted the principal character; and the subsequent severe illness of that gentleman, has interrupted the performance of the play. Mr. Terry, Mr. Wallack, and Mrs. West, sustained others of the prominent characters, with great ability. "The Merry Wives of Windsor," exhibited on the 18th, presented us with Mr. Terry, in the part of Falstaff. We cannot praise this gentleman's representation of the "Fat Knight." Mrs. Waylett and Miss Isabella Paton acquitted themselves very creditably, in "Mrs. Page, and Ann Page."

On the 19th, appeared a new opera called "The Fall of Algiers," written by Mr. Walker, author of "Wallace," and several melo-dramas. The piece, itself, has nothing to recommend it, but the singing of Miss Stephens, Miss Graddon, and Mr. Sapio, made it attractive. There is also some very beautiful scenery displayed in it.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

This Theatre, as usual, displayed its superiority in the annual pantomime. Its title is "Harlequin and the Dragon of Wantley." It is needless to describe what must be seen to be admired, and what our metropolitan readers, in general, probably have seen. The scenery deserves the highest praise; and we conceive the panoramic view of the Thames, to be superior to any other exhibition of the kind.

No new performance has appeared at this house lately. Colman's "Inkle and Yarico" has been revived, the part of Yarico being acted by Miss M. Tree, who did ample justice to it.

The public are anxiously expecting the re-appearance of Miss Foote, on this stage, the play-bills having announced her re-engagement.

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Fashionable Carriage & Evening Dresses for Feb. 1880

Invented by Miss Pierpont, Edward Street, Portman Square.

Published 26 N 21878 by Dean & Munroe, Threadneedle Street.

THE
MIRROR OF FASHION
FOR FEBRUARY, 1825.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

A CHOCOLATE cloth pelisse. The sleeves are large and full, ornamented with a braided epaulette, and having a tight cuff braided to correspond; a large collar of Urling's patent pointed lace falls over the shoulders: the skirt is long, and braided down the front and bottom, similar to the top. A long Chinchilla tippet. Large black velvet hat, elegantly ornamented with a plume of long black feathers, confined at the side by folds of black velvet edged with satin piping. Under this elegant hat is worn a cap richly trimmed with pointed blond lace. The hair is arranged in full curls on each side of the face. Limerick gloves, and black kid shoes.

EVENING DRESS.

A DRESS of crimson *gros de Naples*, ornamented round the bottom with a full quilling, edged with piping, surmounted by a full puffing of *gros de Naples*, confined in a slanting direction by satin buttons in the form of smaller puffs. The body is trimmed with folds of silk across the front, carried over the shoulders and back, and confined in the centre, and at each shoulder, by a narrow satin strap; above which is a full standing-up tucker of Urling's patent lace. The sleeves are large and ornamented with satin straps. Ornaments of pearl.—White kid gloves, and white satin shoes.

HEAD DRESS.

The hair still continues to be worn in very large curls, but divided on the left side; and thick clusters of curls are placed at the top of the head, which fall elegantly over the temples and sides. The braid is beautifully arranged in a new style of bows, intermixed with large curls. Flowers, or feathers, intermingled with this tasteful head-dress, are considered very fashionable, and have an elegant effect.

For the dresses we are, as usual, indebted to the taste of Miss PIERPOINT, Edward-street, Portman-square; and for the Head-dresses to Mr. COLLEY, Bishopsgate-street within.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

MOST of our leading fashionables having returned to town for the remainder of the winter, we are enabled to lay before our fair readers a copious and accurate description of the newest and most prevailing fashions for the month.—The season, hitherto, has been unusually mild; nevertheless, mantles are very general; they are made extremely large, and wrap well round the arm. The improvement of arm-holes is universally adopted. Cloaks of light coloured British cachemere are in high favour for the morning promenade; they are lined with bright wintry colours, and have a cape falling beneath the hood nearly touching the elbow, trimmed with very broad and rich tassel silk fringe of the same colour as the lining. The pelisses of the newest and most approved form, are of dark coloured velvet, beautifully ornamented with a broad border of costly fur. The new cloth pelisses are very elegantly embroidered, or braided all round, in the most tasteful patterns. Silk pelisses, with double capes nearly as low as the elbow, are much in request; they are simply finished round the border with wadded *rouleaux*, notwithstanding which, they have a very rich and elegant appearance.

Black velvet hats, of a beautiful shape and large size, supersede almost every other; they are, beyond all question, the most elegant and appropriate for the winter season; they are lined with various coloured silks, and are frequently ornamented with a profusion of bright and striking tints—the pomegranate blossom is a very favourite colour. Ribands of this bright yellow colour are generally placed in great abundance over black velvet bonnets: when the bonnet is trimmed with black, and ornamented with a plume of black feathers, the bows are also of velvet, in bias, bound and striped with satin. A blond trimming is often introduced with advantage at the edge of the bonnets.

Gros de Naples, levantine, and British cachemere, are the favourite materials for home costume. The gowns are all made

high, with collars, and ornamented round the bust. The sleeves are made rather closer to the arm than formerly. The trimming at the border consists of several rows of bias folds. Satin is much in favour for evening dresses. We have seen a beautiful dress of *tulle*, worn over a satin slip of a turquoise-stone blue colour. It was tastefully ornamented round the border with two rows of strawberry-leaves, in separate bunches, a row of white blond was placed at the edge of the hem; and above that a broad full *rouleau* of blue satin. The *corsage* was finished round the bust by a full plaiting of blond, instead of a tucker. The sleeves were of *tulle*, long and wide, discovering a short sleeve beneath of blue satin. A Turkish sash was tied with a small bow on the right side. This elegant dress excited much admiration.

Turbans and coloured gauze caps, with coloured flowers, are very favourite head-dresses for home costume. An Asiatic turban of pink gauze, beautifully folded, and confined across the forehead with a band of pink satin, is a fashionable evening head-dress; the band is fastened in front by a pearl buckle. Young ladies still prefer their own hair, gracefully arranged, to the most dazzling head-dresses.—In this we most cordially agree with them; it is at once a proof of their good sense and refined taste. Turquoise-stones are much in favour for ornaments in jewellery.

The most fashionable colours are the pomegranate blossom, blue, Egyptian red, and Massacca brown.

THE PARISIAN TOILET.

MANTLES of black velvet, lined with white or coloured satin, are much in favour among the fair Parisians. Pelisses of *gros de Naples*, of a blue, olive-green, and currant-red, are also very general; they are richly trimmed with a broad border

of fur, the cuffs and collar to correspond; these elegant pelisses have a large cape trimmed with the same costly material.

Black velvet hats, ornamented by a profusion of bouquets of coloured flowers, are very general. The brims of the bonnets are large, and the crown is drawn into puckerings with riband. Hats of celestial blue satin, are also much in vogue; they are very tastefully ornamented with flowers—such as the narcissus and the daisy.

Figured velvets, and spotted satins, are much worn in evening dress; they are trimmed with a kind of basket-work, consisting of velvet and satin plaited together. Rows of feather trimming, on the borders of satin gowns, are greatly admired and have a charming effect. Crape dresses of celestial blue, are much worn at private balls and dancing parties; they are beautifully trimmed with trefoils of satin, in clusters, placed at equal distances: the *corsage* is of blue satin.

Toques and turbans, of velvet or striped gauze, are of two colours, blue and rose-colour, or blue and orange. White feathers in great profusion, ornament the *toque* of black velvet; and hats of blue-grey satin are seen with white lappets of blond, flowing gracefully from the back part of the head. The turbans for evening dress-parties are of *ponceau* velvet, or dark blue. White gauze turbans, with stripes of satin, in numerous folds, and surmounted by several long white feathers, are much admired for full dress. Young ladies wear Basque *toques* made of the finest Tartan silk.—Gold ornaments, diamonds, and fancy jewellery of every kind, are again displayed in profusion.

The favourite colours are pomegranate-blossom, *ponceau*, blue, and rose-colour.

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

REFLECTIONS ON DEPARTED FRIENDS.

THEY are gone! through the gloom of their solit'ry sleep
I trace the faint lines of each mouldering form;
They have left me unfriended, to wander and weep,
And perish alone in the pitiless storm!

But where have they fled? if removed into heaven,
Will they cease those they loved in this valley to know?
And oh! is it ever to seraphims given,
To view the sad scenes that are passing below?

Ah! say, will they wear in the mansions above
The same beloved forms which on earth they have wore?
No! celestial their forms, and celestial their love,
They will turn to this vision of darkness no more!

They are gone! oh not lost! yet awhile in my breast,
Some wildering traces unfaded remain;
But destructive they shine on its desolate rest,
Like the sun's searching beams on the shadowless plain!

And ah! even thus, I not long shall behold,
What memory would ever keep sacred and dear;
When my heart, like the hearts I have loved, shall be cold,
Then all will be withered that dwelt on it here.

These reflections my soul will not linger upon,
For the forms I have loved will be faded and lost:
The world will be nothing,—unheeded and gone,—
And all that has pleased me,—and all that has crost.

ANNETTE TURNER.

CANZONET,

TO MISS MARY HAY.

I DREAMT that I saw,
In the watches of night,
In its red rosy cloud,
A sweet seraph of light ;
Its brow, like the marble,
Of dazzling whiteness ;
Two blue eyes, like twin stars
In eve's dewy brightness :
A cheek, like the peach
In its ripe downy glow ;
A neck, overarching,
Was white as the snow :
Around coral lips
A sweet smile was enwreathed ;
A fragrance between them,
Like Araby, breathed ;
A musical murmur
These ripe lips was leaving,
Like young winds, despoiling,
In Autumnal evening.
I gazed on the vision,
As slowly it wasted,—
Oh ! would that the vision,
For ever had lasted !
In her car's rosy cloud,
Lo ! the seraph is fled ;
Is it gone to the fount
Whence our night dreams are fed ?
Is that dream of a seraph
Now melted for aye ?
No ! it lives, breathes, and moves
In thee—bright Mary Hay !

*Coila, Ayreshire,
Near Burn's Cottage.*

ROMEO.

TO MY SISTER,

ON HEARING HER REMARK THE BEAUTY OF TWO ROSES WHICH
BLOOMED ON ONE STEM.

DEAR Charlotte, those roses the keen winds can weather,
Together they brave every winterly blast;
In gentle communion they meet them together,
And raise their fair heads when the storm is gone past.
On one slender stem, the rude torrent defying,
They droop not their heads when the tempest is flown;
While yon *lonely* blossom is fading and dying,
And breathes its last sigh in the wind's hollow moan.
These twin buds, alas! in the autumn declining,
Must yield their last sigh to the pitiless blast;
But blending their sweets, while their breath they're resigning,
They'll mingle their fragrance together at last.
'Tis thus that *our* hearts, by affection united,
May brave the rude torrent of sorrow and pain;
For the woes which the joys of *one* breast might have blighted,
Shall exert all its power o'er their union in vain.
Affections firm stem *our* fond bosoms defending,
Will link them, till time bears existence away;
When our hearts, like the sweets of these twin blossoms, blending,
Will eternally mingle at nature's decay.

LOUISA.

TO MARY ANN.

To some lonely retirement how gladly I'd fly,
To unite with the friends I revere,
Where sweetly the world's frigid forms we'd defy,
Where each breast would respond with sweet sympathy's sigh,
And each eye glisten bright with her tear.
How sweet in our own little world to recline,
'Neath friendship's warm rays of delight;
O'er youth's happy morning their lustre would shine,
They would gild the last hours of our evening's decline,
Like the pale lovely queen of the night.

Though the dark cloud of sorrow might sometimes o'ercast,
 With its shadow, these realms of delight,
 Its reign o'er our solitude soon would be past,
 For friendship's mild beams would disperse it at last,
 And bless us again with their light.

The pencil of fancy oft brings to my view,
 A scene of enchantment like this:
 I love to believe all her images true,
 With heartfelt delight I my journey pursue,
 With her, through these regions of bliss.

Would regret bring her mildew to blight our fair flowers,
 From that world from whose sorrows we'd flown?
 Ah, no! we should lose all remembrance of hours
 Which had not been passed in the bright sunny bowers
 Of this dear little world of our own.

LOUISA.

STANZAS

OCCASIONED BY THE NEW YEAR.

ANOTHER fleeting year has fled,
 Another lingers in its stead,
 And finds me still the same;
 Of fortune's winning smile bereft,
 With nought but simple friendship left—
 I mean, but friendship's name.

Oh ye! who friendship's garb assume,
 And with your sordid souls presume
 That hallowed name to stain;
 How strangely swift ye steal away,
 Where fortune's magnet will not stay,
 To bid your smiles remain!

Oh fortune! grant my humble pray'r,
 Nor canst thou sure, false goddess, dare
 My first request refuse;—
 May I not this new year begin,
 With hopes that I am doom'd to win,
 Since nought is left to lose?

ANNETTE TURNER.

THE IVY.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

By Bernard Barton.

Dost thou not love, in the season of spring,
To twine thee a flowery wreath,
And to see the beautiful birch-tree fling
Its shade on the grass beneath;
Its glossy leaf, and its silvery stem:
Oh dost thou not love to look on them?

And dost thou not love, when leaves are greenest,
And summer has just begun,
When in the silence of moonlight thou leanest,
Where glist'ning waters run,
To see, by that gentle and peaceful beam,
The willow bend down to the sparkling stream?

And oh! in a lovely autumnal day,
When leaves are changing before thee,
Do not nature's charms, as they slowly decay,
Shed their own mild influence o'er thee?
And hast thou not felt, as thou stood'st to gaze,
The touching lesson such scene displays?

It should be thus, at an age like thine;
And it has been thus with me;
When the freshness of feeling and heart were mine,
As they never more can be:
Yet think not I ask thee to pity my lot,
Perhaps I see beauty where thou dost not.

Hast thou seen in winter's stormiest day,
The trunk of a blighted oak,
Not dead, but sinking in slow decay,
Beneath time's resistless stroke,
Round which a luxuriant ivy had grown,
And wreath'd it with verdure no longer its own?

Perchance thou hast seen this sight, and then,
As I, at thy years might do,
Pass'd carelessly by, nor turned again
That scathed wreck to view:
But now I can draw from that mould'ring tree,
Thoughts which are soothing and dear to me.

O smile not! nor think it a worthless thing,
If it be with instruction fraught;
That which will closest and longest cling,
Is alone worth a serious thought!
Should aught be unlovely which thus can shed
Grace on the dying, and leaves not the dead?

Now, in thy youth, beseech of Him
Who giveth, upbraiding not,
That his light in thy heart become not dim,
Nor his love be forgot;
And thy God, in the darkest of days, will be
Greenness, and beauty, and strength to thee!

THE EMBLEM LEAF.

BY J. M. LACEY.

THE sear-leaf fell on the Stour's dull stream,
And was borne to the ocean away;
It emblem'd the short, but delightful dream,
Of the beautiful and the gay!

For it liv'd through the brightness of summer's hour,
And play'd in the balmy air;
But long ere winter assum'd his pow'r,
It was gone,—and its place was bare!

So beauty blossometh, and so
In the sunshine of early life plays;
Unheeding sorrow,—unconscious of woe,
And looking for length of days!

But the blight and the blast, as they fall on the leaf,
So they fall on Humanity's flow'r;
For the loveliest form in its life is oft brief,
And sinks in Death's dark hour.

CHARADE.

My first's a fish that's small and rare,
With dark spots finely dotted;
Which epicures esteem rich fare,
When skilfully's its potted.

Not only through the placid lake,
It glides in scaly beauty,
But (if another sense you take,)
It's daily, menial duty.

When chemists alchymy adored,
How vast my second's pleasure;
O'er fusing crucibles he pored,
To find the long-sought treasure.

Though alchymy's a bubble burst,
In any art or science,
My second still, may at the worst,
Give poverty defiance.

My third delights to try the wit,
But puzzles not my second;
But mind, to make the latter fit,
Three fifths are only reckoned.

Though rich in mines, yet unessayed,
I live by contribution;
And though of hard materials made,
Die always by solution!

My whole, I'm sure, now stands display'd
Peruse again th' enigma—
If its not clear, I'm much afraid
Your wit will have a stigma.

G. H

SEA-SIDE THOUGHTS.

By Bernard Barton.

BEAUTIFUL, sublime, and glorious;
Mild, majestic, foaming, free;—
Over time itself victorious,
Image of eternity.

Epithet-exhausting Ocean!
'Twere as easy to controul
In the storm thy billowy motion,
As thy wonders to unrol.

Sun, and moon, and stars, shine o'er thee,
See thy surface ebb, and flow;
Yet attempt not to explore thee
In thy soundless depths below.

Whether morning's splendours steep thee
With the rainbow's glowing grace;—
Tempests rouse, or navies sweep thee,
'Tis but for a moment's space.

Earth,—her valleys, and her mountains,
Mortal man's behests obey;
Thy unfathomable fountains
Scoff his search, and scorn his sway.

Such art thou—stupendous Ocean!
But if overwhelm'd by thee,
Can we think without emotion
What must thy Creator be?

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The suggestion in reference to the Portraits of certain individuals, is under consideration.

Jerome's Poetry is received—but not admissible.

The author of "Desultory Thoughts on Men and Manners," has formed a very unkind, perhaps, we might say, truly, a very wrong estimate of *man-kind*—but our readers shall judge between us.

Emma's "Essay on the Reign of Henry VIII," is received.



Painted by Heymans.

Engraved by W. B. Smith.

Miss Benger.

Author of the Memoirs of Mary Queen of Scots.

Full March 1846 by Dean & Munday, Threadneedle Street.